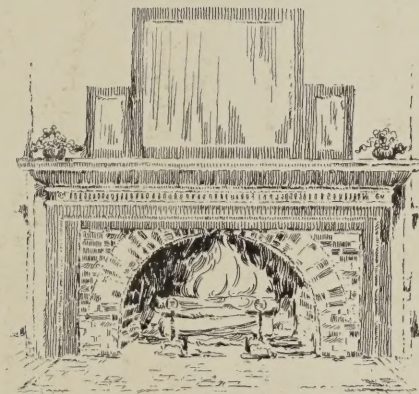




FAIR FACTS

1921-1922



PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS OF FAIRFAX HALL
BASIC, VIRGINIA

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Our Memory Book

MEMORIES largely make or mar the beauty of life. The efforts of this editorial staff shall not have been in vain if through the pages of this book they may bring back to the girls of Fairfax Hall some of the happy memories of their school days — memories of the lifetime friendships begun here, of the joys and sorrows they have shared, and of the undying love and sympathy which exists between faculty and students.

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To
"Mother Ferguson"

who praises us when we're good, forgives
us when we're bad, nurses us when
we're sick, and loves us all the
time, we affectionately
dedicate this
book





Editorial Staff

Motto

"What is remembered dies, but what is written lives."

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VIRGINIA CLARKE

MARY CLARKE

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Art Editors

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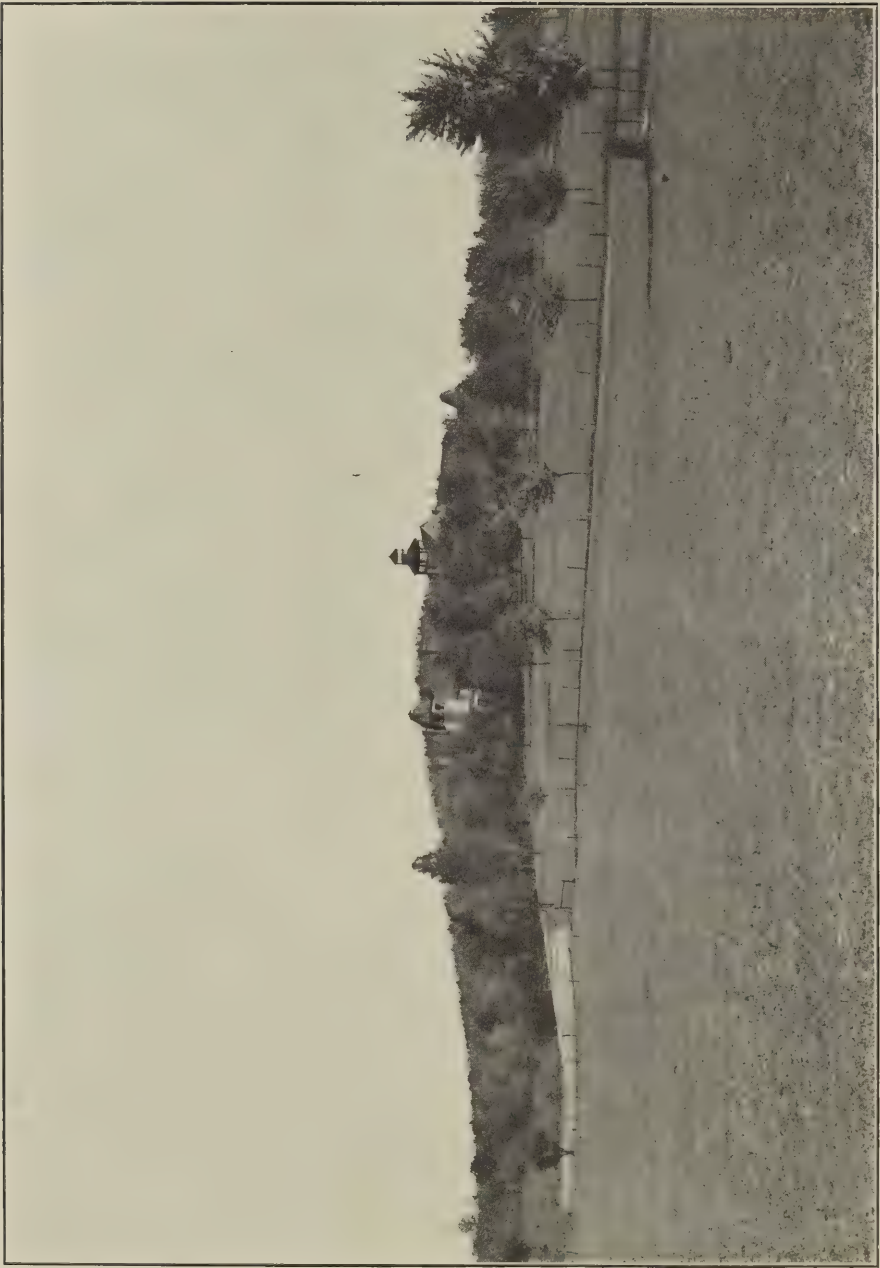
KATHRYN MOSBY

Faculty Adviser

VERGILIA SADLER



EDITORIAL STAFF





The

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W. H. 1907

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WILLIAMS

THE FACULTY



RODGERS

SADLER

EICHELBERGER

GUINLOCK

DOBGETT

BEST

SMITH

THE FACULTY

To Our Faculty

Here's to the teachers of Fairfax!

Here's to their efforts true;

Here's thanks to each one for the things that they've done—

O teachers, here's to you!

You've lessened our problems so hard,

You've explained to us things that were new,

And you've taught us each day some easier way;

O teachers, here's to you!

So here's to the teachers of Fairfax!

They've all been faithful and true;

They've given us cheer throughout all the year;

O teachers, here's to you!

—HELEN MARTIN

SENIORS



19

22

-Robinson-



MISS FRANCES MAY
MAXWELL

Sponsor

We have chosen Miss Maxwell as our class Sponsor because she has always taken such a lively interest in everything the girls do. Miss Maxwell just lives for the girls and the school. Her spare moments are spent on the campus planting little flower beds here and there, and making the place as attractive as one could wish. Even when Miss Maxwell went to Washington, instead of returning with an Easter bonnet, she returned with new bulbs to add to the beauty of our lake. The class of '22 surely does appreciate all Miss Maxwell has done for them. They wish for her only the best of everything and hope that she will sometimes think of them.

RITA ELIZABETH MCKENNEY

"Bud"

CROZET, VIRGINIA

President Senior Class; Secretary of Junior Class; Golf Club; Hiking Club; Track Team; Y. W. C. A.

"Bud," a plump little Virginia lass,
Is the pride and flower of her class;
A good sport always and full of
fun;

When we want a favor to Bud we
run.

She is loved by all, from Senior to
Rat—

If you don't believe this, just go
ask "Pat."



ALINE BERRY

"Vanity"

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Track Team; Swimming Team; Y. W. C. A.

Aline is a sweet, demure little girl from Kentucky. She is quiet, yet good-natured and full of fun. She takes an active interest in everything that presents itself and is one of our best Seniors; we all love her. Neat? Why, she is one of the neatest girls in school, and is always tripping out in a charming new frock. But the shock of our lives was when dainty little Aline began playing tennis at 6:00 a. m., and we have heard rumors that she is a regular champion. Here's to Aline! May she gather honors for our old class of '22.

JEANNETTE BEALL

"Jean"

OCCOQUAN, VIRGINIA

*President Y. W. C. A. 1921-22;
Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1920-21;
Vice-President Senior Class;
Executive Board; Orchestra;
Rack-a-ho Tennis Club.*

Here's a little girl whose name is Beall.

A sweet little lassie who does things well;

She presides at Y. meetings with dignified mien—

Quiet and well-mannered whenever she's seen;

But she likes fun as well as we.

She goes to feeds and such, you see;

She can dance and she can play,

And vamp the cadets, so they say;

For all these reasons we like to tell
Of such a maid as this little Beall.



LILLIE MAE CARTER

"Mazie"

MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Glee Club; Choir; Hiking Club; Swimming Team; Track Team; Y. W. C. A.

Without a doubt Mae is one of our most popular Southern girls. We all just love to hear her talk, and when she says, "Do y' all," who could refuse her? She is always so thoughtful and willing to do things, that we Seniors consider her our "lovin' Pal." Mae sings, plays the piano, and always has witty and clever things to say. In other words, we think Mae is pretty nice.

ELEANOR CHITTENDEN

"Doc"

ANDERSON, INDIANA

Ball and Racquet Tennis Club; Basket Ball Team; Swimming Team; Track Team; Riding Squad; Golf Club; Vice-President Dramatic Art Club; Y. W. C. A.

Indeed the Muses smiled on "Doc." It would take the whole student body to tell just how marvelously Doc can play the latest jazz. "On with the dance; come on, Doc," is what we hear when we want to play. Small and full of pep, she gets behind and pushes with a strength that often surprises us. Like the rest of us, she has hit the bumps, but has come through without serious injury, and we wish for her the best of fortune in the future.



PAULINE W. EARL

"Half-pint"

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Swimming Team; Track Team; Riding Squad.

"Polly," "Miss Prissy," "Little Half-pint," and many other affectionate names belong to this petite person from Texas. She's called the school's sweetheart, "and then some." She is considered one of the best dancers we have, and 'tis rumored that in Huntington, where she spent the Christmas holidays, she was the most popular visitor that town has ever known.

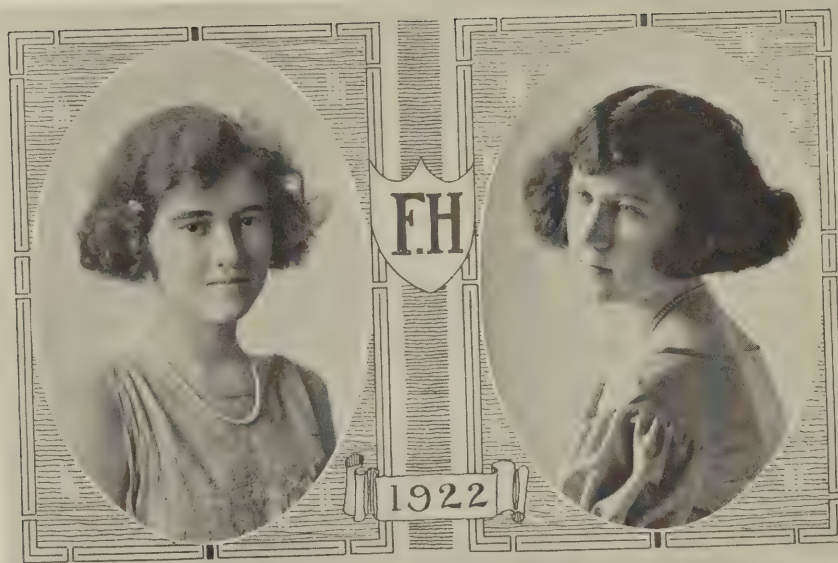
VIRGINIA DEM. HILTON

"Va."

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

President Athletic Association; President Craft Club; Varsity Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Rack-a-ho Tennis Team; Track Team; Riding Squad; Golf Club; Swimming Team; Y. W. C. A.

"Va." is our "all around girl." She excels in all kinds of athletics (even in marbles and gallopers). She is an excellent student, having one of the highest averages in school, and as a "good sport" she's right there. Where there's "Va" there's pep; she gets behind and pushes with an unusual vim and makes a success of everything she undertakes. Would that we had a few more like you, "Va."



GLADYS MARIE KNOX

"Glad"

KEW GARDENS, LONG ISLAND

Editor-in-Chief FAIR FACTS; Vice-President Student Government; Manager Varsity Basket Ball Team; Ball and Racquet Tennis Club; Craft Club; Swimming Team; Golf Club; Riding Squad; Y. W. C. A.

What would we do without "Glad"? She's our "all around sport." When something must be done we call on "Glad" and she does it, does it well, too. Capability is her middle name, and popularity should truly be added. At the end of the first semester we accepted with regret her resignation as our Class President, but she was needed for other important matters. Her "come hither" looks just simply make 'em step, and who would not keep stepping for one glance from those "Glad-eyes?"

BETTY FLORENCE HORNE

"Bet"

MAGNOLIA, NORTH CAROLINA

Secretary and Treasurer Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Glee Club; Swimming Team; Hiking Club; Riding Squad; Y. W. C. A.

Betty first advanced into the limelight on Armistice Day when she appeared clad in that most celebrated of garments, a military cape. She has remained there since then, and likewise firmly established herself in all our hearts by her never-failing smile, her fondness for rapid speech, and her clever characterizations of a man. Yes, Betty, we like S. M. A. too, but what's the use?



GEORGE LYON

"George"

CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

*Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Golf Club;
Hiking Club.*

Truly, George is splendid! So sweet and considerate of everyone. Attractive? Well, they all just completely lose their hearts to her. What new girl will not vouch for the fact that she was a veritable ray of sunshine and hope during the first lonesome days at school? Ambition? She has it! She aspires to be a doctor, and with her big heart she will make good. Go to it, George; the class of '22 is backing you.

KATHRYN MOSBY

"Kitty"

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

"Kitty" is not a boarding student, and just stays with us through the day. Yet we all know her and like her immensely. She is an energetic worker and shows wonderful co-operative spirit; she is ever ready in Senior activities and has never failed to do all we have asked of her. Kitty, we're only sorry you can't be with us all the time, for you have shown a keen interest in all the things we have attempted to do this year. We surely do wish you all sorts of success and happiness.



ELIZABETH F. ROSS

"Betty"

PORTLAND, OREGON

Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Manager Golf Club; Ball and Racquet Tennis Club; Hiking Club; Swimming Team.

Who doesn't know Betty? Somehow she always reminds one of Neysa McNein covers or girls on Community Silver advertisements. And who hasn't heard Betty give a scream of joy when the Annapolis mail comes in? Score one for the Navy, as the "Navy's coming through." We vote her a 4:0.

SIDNEY RANDOLPH TYLER

"Sid"

CLARINGTON, OHIO

Executive Board; Dramatic Art Club; Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Glee Club; Hiking Club; Riding Squad; Y. W. C. A.

From the banks of the beautiful Ohio comes Sid, bringing with her sunshine and merriment. Good-natured and big-souled, she has won a place in all our hearts. Although, like Rip Van Winkle, she may have somewhat of "an insuperable aversion" to labor, she is unusually talented and can say and write the cleverest things. We prophesy for her a brilliant future. How proud we shall be of our "Sid" when she gets to be "Miss Tyler, the novelist!"



GERTRUDE SUDDARTH

"Bobby"

GRAFTON, WEST VIRGINIA

*Ball and Racquet Tennis Club;
Hikers Club; Swimming Team;
Riding Squad; Y. W. C. A.*

"Bobby" is one of our good-looking girls, and perhaps that's the reason she gets such "scads" of letters from the University and other places. At first, she was distressingly homesick, but she's all over that now, and we all love her dearly. She has a voice that is equally as charming as her personality, and altogether we are proud to have her in our Senior class.

RUTH HERMINE WEBER

"Rutchen"

CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Rack-a-ho Tennis Club; Hiking
Club; Swimming Team; Track
Team; Y. W. C. A.*

Isn't she just the sweetest thing? And she's generous and good-natured too. But she likes to have her fun, as you may readily see if you poke your head out of the door some night after light bell. She doesn't neglect her studies though, or you wouldn't find her one of the leading members of this bright (?) class. Anyway we like Ruth just heaps, and so, they say, does Earl.

A Glimpse Into the Future



THE MARDI GRAS at New Orleans was in full swing. The city was a riot of color and every one was entering into the spirit of the carnival. I alone seemed out of tune with my surroundings. Lonely, and seeking vainly for diversion, I wandered down among the old antique shops on the river front. The gay abandon and joy of the carnival had not penetrated there. I entered one of the shops. It was dark, and the odor of musk filled the little room overcrowded with antiques. A little Jew in a long black smock and black skull cap came out of a back room at my entrance. Listlessly I looked at the beautiful things. Then suddenly my attention was arrested by a large transparent globe that seemed neither unique nor valuable. I picked it up and the Jew said, "That, Madam, is a magic globe. In it can be seen past, present, and future, as you wish." My lips curled scornfully; I did not believe in fairies or miracles, but underneath all my cynicism was a streak of curiosity which all women possess, so I bought the globe and laughed at my foolishness.

At night, though, I take out my new purchase. I wish I knew something of the seniors of '22 at Fairfax, but I doubt the power of the globe to reveal the secret. As I gaze at it, however, it fills with a mist which slowly clears away. I see a manor house of old England with turreted roofs and gloomy towers. Under the porte-cochere stands a dream of a Rolls Royce. A liveried servant is holding the door. The bronze portals open, and the tall, dignified duchess of the manor steps forth. Though wrapped in sables the figure seems familiar. She turns—Gladys Knox!

Again the mist envelops the scene. Slowly, slowly it clears away. The Great White Way of New York. One brilliant sign stands out above all the others: "Florenz Zeigfield presents Pauline Earl in 'Why Men Leave Home'," Pauline constituting the chief reason. Then the inside of the crowded theatre is revealed on the stage, and, dancing madly in the spot light, a dainty morsel of femininity—our Polly of Fairfax. Then the chorus prances out and, in the front row, singing blithely, is Mae Carter from Virginia—if you please.

Then the globe again becomes a blank. This time the clearing of the mist reveals a little bungalow in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. On the porch a pretty matron sits serenely sewing. A man enters the gate. The woman goes to meet him, and greeting each other tenderly they go into the house arm in arm. It is Betty Horne and, naturally, the good-looking man is Joe.

Then—a big office marked "Private." A girl sits at the desk, taking dictation. Both occupants of the office seem familiar. The man? Surely I have seen his

picture before. It is the President of the United States, and his blonde secretary, Ruth Weber.

The mist again films the globe and again it parts. An artist's studio, dimly lighted, great bare walls, an open fire, soft divans, handsome men and girls in batik frocks. And in the center of it all is Max Goodhue, the artist whose latest picture, "Venus at the Pump," has excited so much comment. He is presenting to the world his model and fiancée. Heavens! Betty Ross, the school beauty.

Again the globe is emptied. I see a school catalog, and, in large letters, "The VanRensseler Military Academy. Rudolf VanRensseler, Major." Slowly the book opens; I start. The face on the frontispiece—Doc Chittenden! I glance at the bottom—"Mrs. VanRensseler, the school sponsor." So she has married a military man after all.

Then a large gymnasium, palms, fluttering blue and white crepe paper, an orchestra jazzing madly, uniforms everywhere, and, sitting with an elderly man on one side, a sweet-faced chaperon, Bud McKenny.

Again the scenes shift. This time it is a busy doctor's office. Patients fill the room, mostly the male of the species. White-capped nurses come and go. I look closer at one. Surely I know this dark-haired girl. It is Kathryn Mosby. The door of the inner office opens and the Doctor steps out. It is a woman, and a handsome one at that. I am not surprised when I find that it is George Lyon.

What is next? Palm Beach! A long stretch of sandy shore dotted with vari-colored parasols and crowded with bathers. I stop. Who is this stylish stout lady under the vivid orange and black parasol? She certainly seems in her element as she sips lemonade and reads. "Bobby" Suddarth, without a doubt!

Then Antwerp, Belgium. But why the mobs of people? It is the month of the Olympic Games. I am before a river. Now comes the signal for the swimming to begin. One contestant forges ahead. On, on she goes—gaining every second. She wins! The people shout madly. I strain to see the victor. It is Virginia Hilton, *the Athlete of Fairfax*.

The mist again closes and clears. A dinner party is in progress. The guests are in the brightest of moods. To a radiant and starry-eyed honor guest, who, adorable in the fluffiest of evening frocks, is seated in the center of the picture, a toast is being given. She turns—Aline Berry!

Mobs of people are gathered around a platform where a woman in mannish clothes *orates*. She is holding that vast audience in the hollow of her hand. I look at a poster and see, "Jeannette Beall will speak on Woman's Rights."

The globe *was* magic. I know of all my classmates now. Hoping to learn of my own future, I lean closer, straining to catch but a glimpse. I grow tense waiting—watching. My fingers slacken. Crash! My prize lies in atoms at my feet. Such is the working of that elusive thing called fate.

Class Will of 1922

We, the Senior Class of '22 of Fairfax Hall, being of a more or less sound mind and good judgment, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

FIRST: To the Faculty, we leave our deepest appreciation of their efforts to help us in our search for knowledge.

SECOND: To our Sponsor, Miss Maxwell, we do bequeath our sincerest regards and love.

THIRD: To the Juniors, we hereby will our one and only Senior privilege. And to the Sister Sophomores, we leave our brains and bluffing ability.

FOURTH: To dear old Fairfax we leave our memories and fondest wishes for the future.

INDIVIDUALLY

Bud McKenney wills her position as president of Senior Class to whatever girl that honor may be bestowed upon next year, and her quiet disposition to Mae Maxwell.

Jeannette Beall leaves her position in the orchestra to Billie McKeown, and her candy shop to Esther Jane.

Ruth Weber wills her debating abilities to Reba George, and her studious habits to Rosalie Echols.

Betty Ross bequeaths her interest in the navy to Jean Kenney, and her worldly wisdom to "Bunny" Sullivan.

"Doc" Chittenden wills her ability to "tickle the ivories" to Nathalie Rothwell, and her success with the opposite sex to Mildred Bunting.

Gladys Knox wills her capability as Editor-in-Chief to next year's editor, and her cheerfulness to all down-hearted Freshmen.

Pauline Earl wills her "crush" on Mary Clarke to "Cla" Farrell, and her frivolity to Annie Revercomb.

Aline Berry wills her fur coat to Louise Potts, and her curly hair to Mary Echols.

George Lyon bequeaths her collection of ear-rings to Coreine Tincher, and her coiffure to "Gwen" Maust.

"Bobby" Suddarth wills her eye-lashes to "Vi" Gay, and her Mascara to "Fluff" Fitzgerald.

"Va" Hilton leaves her athletic ability to "Happy" Gaillard, and her artistic talent to Betty Lloyd.

Betty Horne wills her cape to Mary Clarke, and her Southern accent to Pearl Robarge.

Mae Carter wills her surplus weight to "Pink Top" Wiygul, and her knowledge of Chemistry to Ruth Andrews.

Kitty Mosby wills her home in Waynesboro to the girls who are interested in F. M. S., and her Ford to "Brat" Allen so she may go to A. M. A. Finals.

"Sid" Tyler wills her ability as a "playwright" to next year's Senior Class, and her dramatic talent to Louise Fawcett.



Alice Edman

It seems a little hard to classify Alice. She really is a member of the faculty, for she assists in the music department the greater part of each day; she is a special pupil, and therefore a member of the Special Class; and she is our only music graduate. So we feel that she must have a page all to herself in this book, since no one else is exactly "in her class."

Alice is only with us through the day. We wish we might have her all the time, because she is one of the sweetest and most capable of our girls. She's right there with the music ability too. If in doubt on this point ask Miss Raymond, or listen to some of Alice's pupils play the piano.



ALICE—HERE'S TO YOU!

Attractive is your "middle name,"
We feel that soon you'll rise to fame;
You're good as gold, and true as blue—
All these and more, Alice, are you.



OUR FIRESIDE





Junior Class

Motto

"Deeds, not Dreams."

Class Flower

Lily-of-the-valley

Class Colors

Green and White

Officers

<i>President</i>	ELEANOR WALKER
<i>Vice-President</i>	FLORENCE WELLS
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE FITZGERALD
<i>Treasurer</i>	LAURA WHITE

Members

RUTH ANDREWS	ESTHER HAYWOOD	MAE MAXWELL
VIRGINIA BARTHELLE	LOUISE IRWIN	ELIZABETH MILLER
CAROLYN FORBELL	HELEN KERN	JULIA LEE ORME
VIOLA GAY	VIVION LASTINGER	DOROTHY RIGGINS
MARGARET GARRITSON	BETTY LLOYD	ARDELLE STEARNS
BERYL WEIR	ADA STRANG	



MISS ALLEINE DOGGETT
Sponsor



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Statistics

Ruth Andrews seems inclined towards athletics and Hope, to say nothing of Faith and Charity, plus her beloved bugle.

Virginia Barthelle, our competent representative and toe-dancer, seems well supplied with attentions from S. M. A.

Florence Fitzgerald is our modest and unassuming secretary, but oh, when she touches the violin!

After seeing *Carolyn Forbell* in the "Farmerette" we will vouch for her dramatic career.

Margaret Garritson, mostly "Peggy," has been in the limelight since the "Man from Kokomo" and those from A. M. A.

Viola Gay—to her we would suggest that she borrow Dean's wheelbarrow to convey her mail upstairs.

One cannot think of *Esther Haywood* without Viola or Jack.

Louise Irwin is the possessor of that much envied curly (natural!) hair and baby blue eyes.

Helen Kern's laughter is always infectious. How she does seem to enjoy her daily letter from Bill!

Every one loves dear, conscientious little *Vivion Lastinger* who, like Jonah, always comes out all right in spite of mumps and chickenpox.

Betty Lloyd—to her should go the medals in expression, and also in the knitting of Navajo sweaters.

Mae Wilson Maxwell flourishes an F. M. S. belt, and no mean hand at the piano.

Bobby Miller—so much is due her one hardly knows where to start, but let's begin with her wit.

Julia Lee Orme is sweet and well versed in Spanish, but who knows what she says?

Dorothy Riggins is quiet, but "still water runs deep."

Ardelle Stearns, although never talkative, always extends a helping hand.

Ada Strang lends much merriment to History II. and III.

Coreine Tincher is always pleasant and ready to help, despite weak ankles and her ear-rings.

Eleanor Walker, our Junior president, was propeller of the Tea Dance. "Nuff sed."

Beryl Weir, after much debate, has bobbed her hair, and it is hard to say which she enjoys most, that or English III.

Florence Wells, vice-president, is noted for the "muchness" of her good-looking clothes and also for her blonde hair.

Larry White is not only treasurer of the Junior class, but also of every one's affections.



Introducing —

Miss Sophie More

of

Fairfax
Hall



Pleased to meet you!

W. H. Allen
1922



Sophomore Class

Motto

Our aim: Success

Our hope: To win

Flower

Rose

Colors

Roman Gold and Light Blue

Officers

President ELLEN LAWRENCE

Secretary-Treasurer ROSELLA JONES

Members

MIRIAM BARKLEY
CLATILLA FARRELL
RUTH KRODER

BETTY CUMMINGS
ROSELLA JONES
ELLEN LAWRENCE
HELEN WARNER



SOPHOMORE CLASS



A PICNIC AT SWANANNOA



Freshman Class

Motto

*"The new Golden Rule:
'Do others as others do you.'"*

Flower

Violet

Colors

Violet and White

PresidentMARGUERITE BOWERS
Vice-PresidentEDITH SULLIVAN
Secretary and TreasurerBETTY ALLEN

Sponsor

LOUISE POTTS

Members

EMILY BAILEY	LOUISE FITZGERALD
MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN	REBA GEORGE
ROSALIE ECHOLS	ANNIE REVERCOMB
DOROTHY STEARNS	



FRESHMAN CLASS



Secretarial Class

Officers

<i>President</i>	KATHLEEN GEORGE
<i>Vice-President</i>	HOPE FOX
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARGARET OGLE

Members

MARY CLARKE
 MARY ECHOLS
 LOUISE FAWCETT
 HOPE FOX
 KATHLEEN GEORGE
 MARY GUSTIN
 MARY HASBROUCK



EVELYN KRODER
 HATTIE LONG
 BERNICE LOVEGROVE
 HELEN MARTIN
 EVA MUNDY
 MARGARET OGLE
 MARJORIE PELTER
 MARGARET RAYBURN



ALL KEYED UP



SECRETARIAL CLASS

FAIRFAX



SPECIAL^S

~ Paul C. Long ~

Special Class

Motto

"Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

Flower

Sweet Pea

Colors

Lavendar and Gray

PresidentLOIS ALLEN
Vice-PresidentLOUISE POTTS
Secretary and TreasurerCATHERINE COLEMAN

Sponsor

MISS DOROTHY GOUINLOCK

Members

MARION ARMSTRONG
LOIS ALLEN
IRENE BARKER
MILDRED BUNTING
VIRGINIA CLARKE
CATHERINE COLEMAN
ALICE EDMAN
GRACE FREDERICKS
MARY GAILLARD
CONSTANCE HAY
ANITA HODGES
RUTH JOHNSTON
GENEVA KENNEY
LALA LAMBRIGHT

GWENDOLYN MAUST
CAROL McKEOWN
MARY MORRIS
LOUISE POTTS
PEARL ROBARGE
NATHALIE ROTHWELL
NELL SHIPLETT
DEBORAH SNYDER
THELMA TREVEY
KATHERINE VANDUREN
PHYLLIS VAN LEAR
MARGARET WHITE
ESTELLE WIYGUL
LOUISE WALLINGFORD

Everyday Specials



EVERYONE knows how perfectly thrilling a "Special Delivery" is at boarding school. Well, this might be called one, inasmuch as it certainly is "special," and each "Special" bears a characteristic stamp which will cause pleasant memories of her to be preserved in the minds of her fellow classmates.

Of course, we will always remember our class officers. There's Lois Allen, President of our class, also Vice-President of the Athletic Association, and Secretary and Treasurer of the "Y." Just one of those "born leaders," you know. Louise Potts, our Vice-President, is darling, and who could forget her marvelous voice? Kitty Coleman is Secretary and Treasurer—but then you'll hear about her later. Marion Armstrong, Captain of the Basket Ball Team, will linger in our memory as starring in our victory over Stuart Hall. Girls, maybe it wasn't thrilling when Nell Shiplett's "Dubynell" man would arrive on the scene! And Anita Hodges would say, "So your father was telling me!" We'll never forget Lala Lambright playing, "Do me a favor, drop dead," on that ukelele of hers, nor that "seasick feeling" that Virginia Clarke's wave used to produce. Mildred Bunting just never would retire. She liked to watch Noah (?) pass by—and, speaking of beds, Grace Fredericks and Ruth Johnston got the prize for knocking out the most "slats." Phyllis Van Lear was such a sweet looking girl, and Margaret White was certainly "college."

Our class had its share of students, too. Nathalie Rothwell and Louise Wallingford never had to study—they just naturally had "beaucoup" knowledge. Pearl Robarge and Kathryn VanDuren were popular with everyone, especially the other members of the Psychology Class on the night before "exams."

The day pupils of our class will be remembered with pride, too, for there's Alice Edman, who could play the piano divinely. In fact, she was Assistant Music Teacher; and Deborah Snyder was just the sweetest and most sensible girl.

There will ever be a place in our memory, too, for the love affairs of Mary Morris; for that irresistible giggle of Constance Hay; for Gwendolyn Maust's cheerful disposition; and for Estelle Wiygul's golden curls, the secret of her ambition to be a "Mary Pickford II." And, oh, the appetite that Irene Barker *did* possess! Geneva Kenney knew all there was to know about the navy—"Lest we forget!" Billie McKeown was our "Glad" girl. Alas! Thelma Trevey caught the "fever" and bobbed her hair—sad but true!

As for ourselves, we "did" the others before they "did" us—but we are all cherishing the fondest of memories of our "special" friends and—well, forgive us, for—

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels' as ithers see us."

—MARY GAILLARD

—KITTY COLEMAN



SPECIALS



McKEOWN



ROBARGE



MAUST



VAN DUEN



HODGES



KENNEY



ARMSTRONG



BUNTING



JOHNSTON



GAILLARD



BARKER



FREDERICKS



TRAVEY



POTTS

AND THEN SOME



AWAY TO THE HILLS

A Man, A Maid, and a Chair



IT WAS rather a decrepit-looking old armchair, but somehow, for all its sagging, nut-brown leather, worn shiny from long and hard use, its one arm a little lower than the other, and one of its castors replaced by a book, it radiated solid comfort, hospitality, and lent an air of satisfying hominess to the cozy, pennant-hung sitting-room. Here the students of X-College used to gather and sing "peppy" songs to the strumming of the "uke," or else, pipes gripped between their teeth, mumble out learned dissertations upon life in general—from evolution to the latest movie star. This room was obviously masculine in taste. Photographs of fuzzy blondes, fascinating brunettes, and other rare and beautiful types of the eternal feminine, with, of course, one red-haired beauty, without which no collection of friends is complete, decorated the walls.

But in this chair, his back to the open door and to the pictures, his feet on the fender, sat a forlorn, a very forlorn, young man, who was gazing at the blaze with unseeing eyes. The chair didn't seem to comfort him, to impart to him that sense of lazy cheerfulness which pervaded it. Indeed, this young man looked as if all the comfortable, leathery, homey chairs in the world would have left him cold and comfortless still.

And the reason? Well, that is easily told. Shy and unobtrusive in the presence of the frivolous, bobbed-haired, powdery bits of humanity with whom his college chums, and his own room-mates, seemed so much at home, he seldom went out with the crowd in quest of female companionship, and therefore, for lack of a "Jane," he had been excluded from the night's frolic, a dance in the gym of the college.

He felt old, or at least middle-aged, and bitter. Why should he, popular in his frat, a "regular guy" with the rest of the fellows, be sitting here by the fire in this old sitting-room, alone, in smoking-jacket and slippers, while the bunch was over at the dance, prancing around and having a high old time? Ah, why? Just because *his* idea of a girl didn't have frizzy bobbed hair, skirts to her knees, and beaded lashes. If you had asked Smith what his idea of a girl *was*, he would have replied vaguely that he didn't just know, but he *did* know that he hadn't seen her yet.

Laughingly the boys had come in to question him, and to tease him about being afraid of a girl. And then they had gone, with a last cry of, "So long, old top, you don't know what you're missing!" Oh, didn't he, though? But he had calmly waved them away, with a smiling glance, and a careless word, leading them to believe that he didn't care a rap for what he was missing, when all the while he was longing to be over among that gay, carefree throng. He didn't

mind dancing around with those girls, but he'd be blamed if he'd ask one of them to be a guest of his.

As he was sitting there brooding over these thoughts, he heard a slight sound behind him, and then——

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed a soft, rather startled, and decidedly feminine voice.

Smith wheeled around. Standing just inside the door was a figure, clothed in gleaming red with some kind of fluffy stuff at the neck that reminded Smith, in his confusion, of his grandmother's Angora cat. And, horror of horrors, she was just like the rest of the girls that he had been thinking of. Bobbed hair, black lashes, pink cheeks, and, yes, skirts *almost* to her knees.

Suddenly he remembered, with a start, that he ought to say something. "Why certainly, uh—er, why, yes, of course," he stammered, lamely.

"I was directed to the dressing-room," she said, her eyes round, and frightened. "They told me it was the third door to the right of the stairs."

He became calmer then. "That's a natural mistake," he told her, smiling; "the dressing-room, or rather, the room they always fix up for that purpose, is just below this room on the lower floor. I guess they meant the bottom of the stairs instead of the top. May I show you the way down?"

"Why, thank you, yes," she answered. "That's awfully kind of you."

"Not at all."

They proceeded to the stairs without a word, and when they had reached the bottom, with a startled cry she pointed to an unconscious figure being carried into a room nearby. Hurrying forward, Smith asked one of the young men what had happened. "Not much," came the reply. "Larry lost his balance doing a stunt on the balcony rail over at the gym. It's not serious; he'll be around in a few days, but it's tough on his girl. Wonder where she is?"

Relieved, Smith returned to his companion, only to see that she was visibly alarmed and troubled. "Why, what's up, Miss—er—why, I don't know your name, I'm afraid. I don't go out much with the——"

"My name is Taylor—Frances Taylor," she said despairingly, "and that was the boy who brought me here. I'm a stranger, and I don't know a soul but Larry, and now he's, he's——" she stopped, unable to proceed.

Smith stood in thought for a moment. Then, apparently struck with a brilliant idea, he looked at her, and that look decided him. "Say," he cried, "here's where I pull one over on the crowd! That is, with your permission. Will you go as my guest? The fellows haven't met you yet, and they'll think I was kidding them about staying home tonight."

Waiting for her to answer, he was surprised to see her trembling, and finally she said, "I—is there—isn't there a place I could sit down a while? I don't

really feel like dancing right away, after this, and, and—I don't know who you——”

“Why, sure, sure,” said Smith genially. “I never thought to tell you. My name is Pemberton—Smith Pemberton. And, if you care to, we can go up and sit in front of the fire in the old sitting-room, till you get yourself in hand a bit.”

And so he found himself back before his fireplace again, but with a difference. Across from him, leaning back in his favorite chair, her silver-clad feet resting daintily on the battered fender, sat a girl. He talked to her quietly and soothingly for a while, and while he talked he began to notice things. What a slender, graceful creature she was! And somehow her misty, filmy dress now seemed exactly right to him. She wouldn't be herself with an old skirt clear to her ankles, he decided. And her lashes were black, but not from a box, and her cheeks were just delicately flushed, and, say, queer he had never noticed how softly and appealingly a girl's hair curled around her face when it was bobbed! No, not in a single detail could he wish her different. She was, as you must have guessed long ago, quite perfect. In her soft replies, her even, modulated voice, there wasn't a trace of that thing he disliked in other girls. “And,” he argued with himself, “a girl does have to conform to the styles these days, doesn't she?”

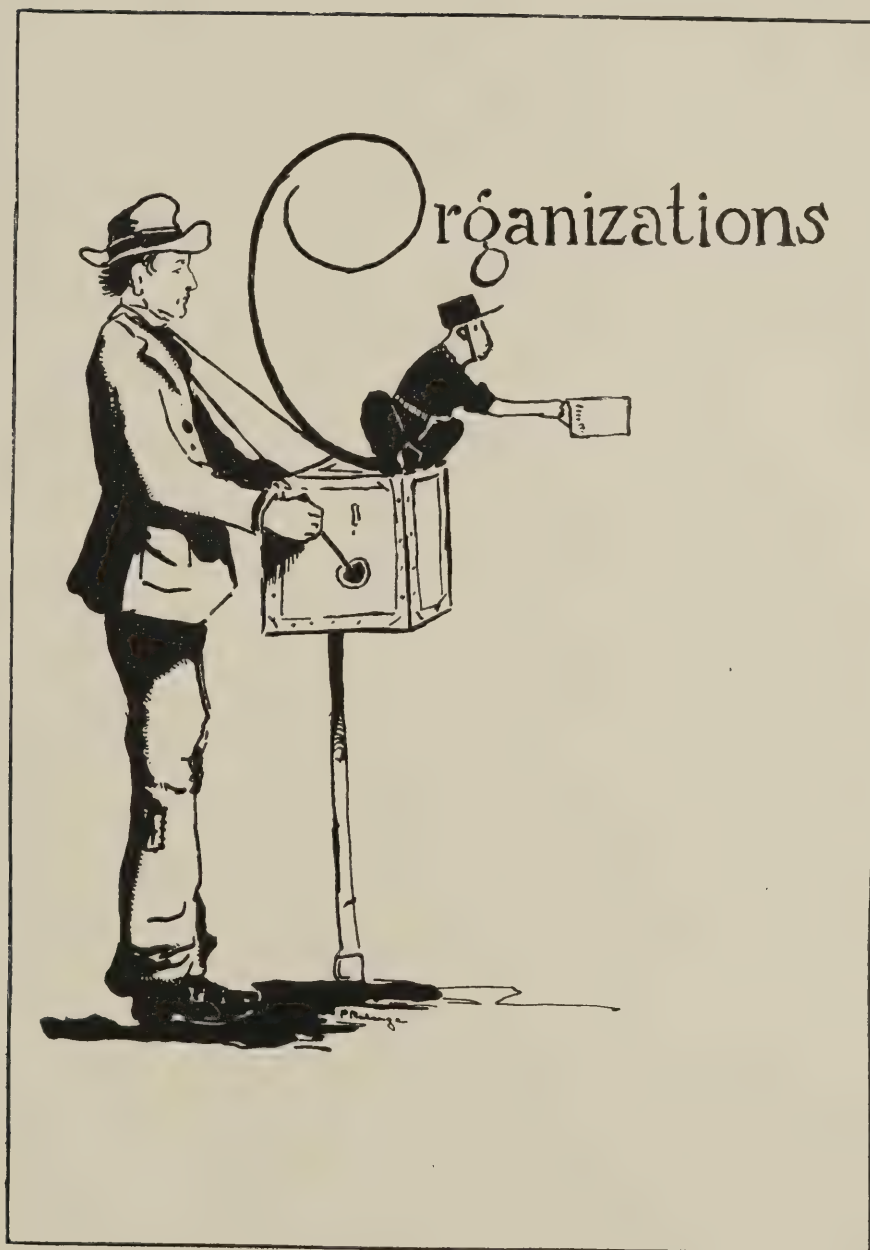
Soon Frances pronounced herself ready to go over to the dance, so Smith hastened to his room to exchange smoking-jacket for Tuxedo, and they soon joined the crowd in the brightly-lighted building where the fun was at its height.

No need to tell what followed. Smith was slapped on the back, and kidded no end about being so foxy, and later was taken severely to task for being so stingy. Reluctantly he relinquished his partner to others, and he didn't let it happen often.

After the orchestra had moaned and twanged out its last melody, and together they were speeding toward her aunt's home in a distant part of the city, (too fast, Smith thought, entirely too fast), Frances tried to thank him for helping her out, and for the lovely time she had had, only to be interrupted by protests that it was he who was grateful, that it was he who had had the wonderful time. And how long was she going to be here? A month? Fine! And would it be impertinent, to ask where she lived? In the next town? Great! And did her aunt object to her having company? Or did *she* object? Well, then, might he call? When? Thanks, he was “tickled to pieces.” Too soon they reached her aunt's home, and, after more thanks and protests, they parted.

Smith went back to the old fireside, and to his friends envious questions; home to the cosy brown chair, suddenly grown more important to his eyes. And, as the fire died down, with much crackling and snapping, was it only his eyes, or did that ancient chair have a rouguish, sly, good-natured grin on its wrinkled brown surface, as Smith watched it faintly gleaming in the fading glow?

—DEBORAH SNYDER





Motto

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Officers

JEANNETTE BEALL	<i>President</i>
ELEANOR WALKER	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH JOHNSTON	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHLEEN GEORGE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Cabinet

VIRGINIA CLARKE	<i>Chairman Program Committee</i>
GWENDOLYN MAUST	<i>Chairman Social Committee</i>
NATHALIE ROTHWELL	<i>Chairman Bible Study Committee</i>
LOUISE POTTS	<i>Chairman Music Committee</i>
VIRGINIA HILTON	<i>Chairman Athletic Committee</i>
LOIS ALLEN	<i>Chairman Publicity Committee</i>
VERGILIA SADLER	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Craft Club

President VIRGINIA HILTON

Secretary and Treasurer LOIS ALLEN

Faculty Adviser CHARLES W. SMITH

Members

RUTH ANDREWS
MARION ARMSTRONG
MIRIAM BARKLEY
VIRGINIA BARTHELLE
LOUISE FITZGERALD
HOPE FOX
MARY GAILLARD
ANITA HODGES
LOUISE IRWIN
GLADYS KNOX
DOROTHY LAMBERT

LALA LAMBRIGHT
BETTY LLOYD
ELIZABETH McKENNY
MARGARET OGLE
NATHALIE ROTHWELL
BETTY ROSS
ELEANOR WALKER
LOUISE WALLINGFORD
BERYL WEIR
FLORENCE WELLS
MARGARET WHITE



The School Orchestra

WILLIAM BEARDSWORTH	<i>Director</i>
FLORENCE FITZGERALD	<i>First Violin</i>
HELEN WARNER	<i>First Violin</i>
BETTY ALLEN	<i>Second Violin</i>
PHILLIS VANLEAR	<i>Second Violin</i>
RUTH ANDREWS	<i>Cornet</i>
BETTY CUMMINGS	<i>Mandolin</i>
JEANNETTE BEALL	<i>Piano</i>
LOUISE FITZGERALD	<i>Violincello</i>
MIRIAM BARKLEY	<i>Traps</i>
WILLIAM BEARDSWORTH	<i>Saxophone</i>

The Glee Club

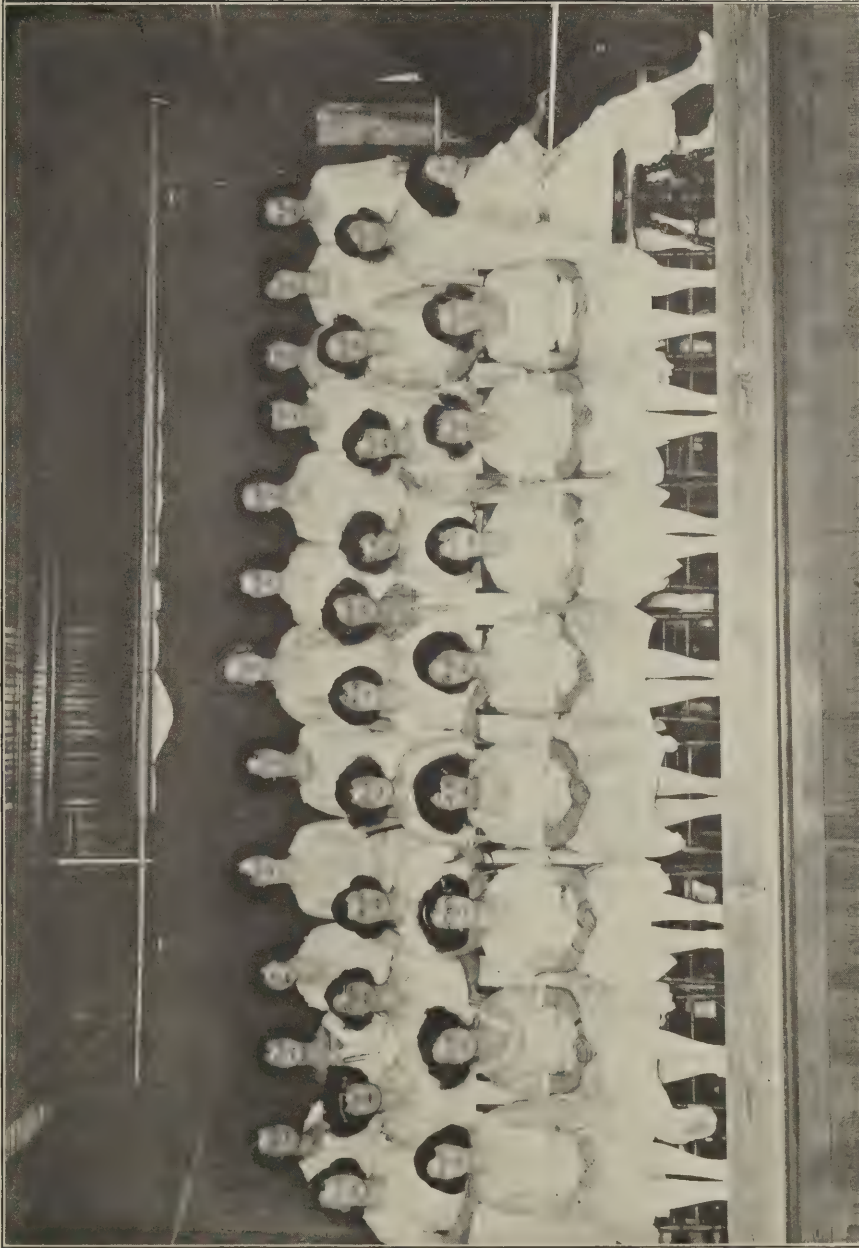
DirectorMISS DORA KOENIG

Members

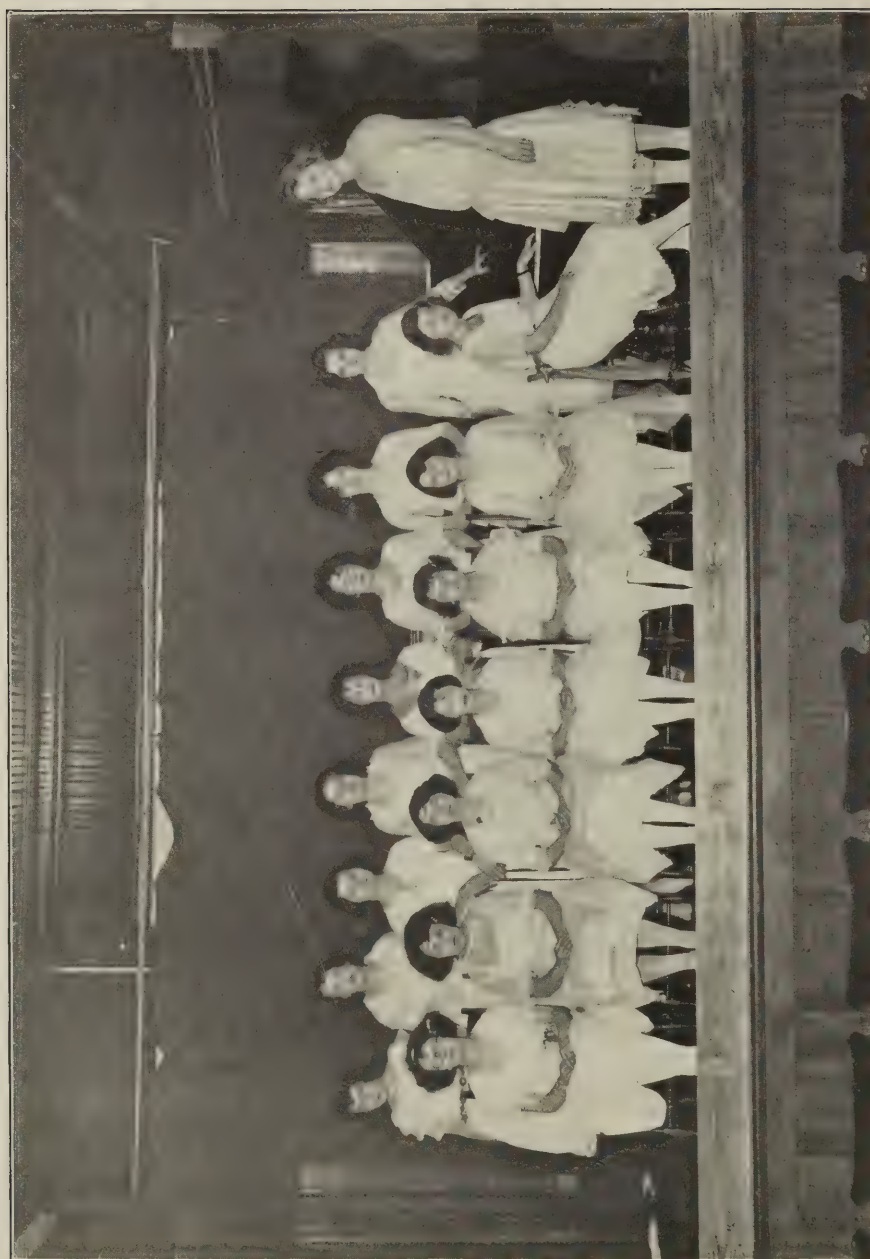
BETTY ALLEN	VIRGINIA HILTON
LOIS ALLEN	ANITA HODGES
RUTH ANDREWS	BETTY HORNE
MARION ARMSTRONG	JEAN KENNEY
JEANNETTE BEALL	RUTH KRODER
MILDRED BUNTING	HELEN MARTIN
MAE CARTER	MAE MAXWELL
MARY CLARKE	MARY MORRIS
VIRGINIA CLARKE	MARGARET OGLE
CATHERINE COLEMAN	LOUISE POTTS
MARY ECHOLS	NELL SHIPLETT
ROSALIE ECHOLS	GERTRUDE SUDDARTH
FLORENCE FITZGERALD	EDITH SULLIVAN
GRACE FREDERICKS	SIDNEY TYLER
KATHERINE GRAHAM	KATHERINE VANDUREN
CONSTANCE HAY	ELEANOR WALKER
FLORENCE WELLS	

The Choir

BETTY ALLEN	HELEN MARTIN
MILDRED BUNTING	MAE MAXWELL
MAE CARTER	MARGARET OGLE
MARY CLARKE	LOUISE POTTS
VIRGINIA CLARKE	NELL SHIPLETT
MARY ECHOLS	GERTRUDE SUDDARTH
ANITA HODGES	ELEANOR WALKER
JEAN KENNEY	FLORENCE WELLS



THE GLEE CLUB



THE CHOIR



Art Club

CHARLES W. SMITH*Instructor*

Members

LOIS ALLEN
 BETTY CUMMINGS
 CAROLYN FORBELL
 VIRGINIA HILTON
 DOROTHY LAMBERT
 ANNIE REVERCOMB
 PEARL ROBARGE
 DEBORAH SNYDER
 ADA STRANG
 KATHRYN VANDUREN



Student Council

Officers

PresidentMARGARET OGLE
Vice-PresidentGLADYS KNOX
SecretaryMARY CLARKE

Members

LOIS ALLEN
 JEANNETTE BEALL
 HOPE FOX

KATHLEEN GEORGE
 LOUISE POTTS

NATHALIE ROTHWELL
 SIDNEY TYLER
 ELEANOR WALKER

The Student Council was elected by the student body for the purpose of doing anything in their power to foster and promote the right kind of school spirit. We hope this council may in time lead to the organization of student government in our school.





Dramatic Art Club

Motto

"I can do what I will to do."

Flower

Daisy

Colors

Gold and White

Officers

<i>President</i>	BETTY LLOYD
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
<i>Secretary</i>	JEAN KENNEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	LAURA FRANK WHITE
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	ALICE FLORA BEST

Members

ALINE BERRY
ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
RUTH B. EINSTEIN
CLATILLA FARRELL
LOUISE FAWCETT
CAROLYN FORBELL

VIOLA GAY
FLORENCE HAYMAN
JEAN KENNEY
HELENA KOINER

BETTY LLOYD
DEBORAH SNYDER
SIDNEY TYLER
ESTELLE WIYGUL
LAURA FRANK WHITE
NELL WILSON



DRAMATIC ART CLUB



The Farmerette



Mind Your P's and Q's

PLAYS GIVEN BY DRAMATIC ART CLUB



Green Stockings

PRESENTED BY

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

DirectorALICE FLORA BEST

CAST

Admiral Grice	Gwendolyn Maust
William Faraday	Ruth Andrews
Colonel Smith	Betty Lloyd
Robert Tarver	Nathalie Rothwell
Henry Steele	Carol McKeown
James Raleigh	Mary Clarke
Martin	Sidney Tyler
Mrs. Rockingham	Elizabeth Ross
Lady Trenchard	Florence Wells
Phyllis	Carolyn Forbell
Aunt Ida	Catherine Coleman



MAY DAY



ON OUR CAMPUS



DOMESTIC
SCIENCE



DOMESTIC
ART



CHEMISTRY

The Flapper



R. AND MRS. THOMPSON sat in the large, homelike kitchen eating breakfast. Margot, their daughter, was under discussion. "I'll be so glad to see her again," remarked Mrs. Thompson, a large and motherly-looking woman; "it's been so long, 'most nine months."

Hiram, seemingly deaf to his wife's remarks, continued to eat. From all appearances his mind was on the year's corn crop, the incubators, or the live stock. For a time the silence was only broken by the ticking of the huge Seth Thomas clock which hung on the wall. Then again Mrs. Thompson spoke. "You know, Hiram, I'm right anxious to see Margot. Her letters make me feel she's changed." At this point her voice became choked and she dabbed at her eyes with a corner of her ample gingham apron. Hiram grunted something unintelligible.

"But of course she'll be different," his wife continued. "She'll be a real lady now. I'm sorter afraid she won't think us quite good enough for her," she said tremulously. "But," bravely, "I wanted her to be a lady, and living in the country wouldn't have made her one. I wanted her to have more advantages than me or you ever had."

"Well, I don't see," grunted Hiram gruffly, "no sense in sendin' her so far away. It may be makin' her a lady, but, at the same time it's costin' us a pretty penny, and not a letter home but what it's money, money, money. As fer not thinkin' we're good enough—well, we're her parents and she can't change us. And as fer beatin' her mother in sweetness, well, it can't be done." Then, kissing his wife a bit awkwardly, he hurriedly left the house, leaving her quite flustered. Hiram was not accustomed to expressions of affection, and complimentary speeches were not in his line. "Deeds, not words," was his maxim.

The next week was a busy one for Mrs. Thompson. She fumed, she fussed, she fretted, and suffered from her husband many mutterings which always began, "I can't see no sense——"

The day before Margot was to arrive the Thompsons were again at the table in the big kitchen. Mrs. Thompson was in a state of nervous excitement. There were a thousand and one last things to be done before the wayfaring daughter shou'd reach home. Suddenly the door burst open, a pair of slim ankles danced across the floor, and Mrs. Thompson was given a big bear hug, while a voice was saying excitedly, "Hello, mummy, you old darling." Then, it was Hiram's turn to be embraced tempestuously, "And dad! Awful glad to see you, old top. You're such a brick." Then, "I crave some food—I'm famished."

The Thompsons seemed stunned. Was this their daughter? This baby-doll of a girl? Long ear-rings dangled almost to a level with her chin, a henna toque was perched jauntily over one ear, revealing the curled-up ends of bobbed hair.

The face underneath was a work of art: thin line of eyebrow, darkened lashes, copious layers of powder, cheeks a hectic red, and the cupid-bow lips. A circus had come to town a long time ago and the snake-charmer had looked just like that. It may have been all right for her, but for their daughter—impossible.

Finally, after a silence, during which Margot removed her hat and coat and touched up her complexion, Mrs. Thompson said weakly, "Why, Margot, we didn't expect you until tomorrow." Her daughter pirouetted, swiftly, on the extremely high heels of her absurd little satin pumps, and, seating herself at the table said gayly, "So did I expect to come tomorrow. But you know, mummy, we almost passed out when the Sphinx—that's the dean—let us out a day early. Were we surprised? Well, I'll tell the world we were. Had the keenest time on the train"—all this between bites—"the darlingest man sat right across from me."

At this juncture of the incomprehensible speech, the door opened and in rushed a pretty little girl in a gingham frock. Her hair hung in long braids tied with big pink bows. When with Margot she seemed a wren beside a brilliant tropical bird. At her entrance Margot jumped up, and, kissing the girl in an excitable way, quite new to her, exclaimed, "Why Lu, how are you, old thing? Say, girlie, you ought to rouge. You look like the Last Rose of Summer without any bloom. I've finished, mummy. Come on, Lu. Let's go in here with the family treasures. They've always given me the 'willies.' I've gobs to tell you." Margot led the way into the parlor, the room that was Mrs. Thompson's pride and joy.

In a daze Mrs. Thompson cleaned the kitchen. She hadn't understood half a dozen words this new daughter of hers had said. Different? She was undoubtedly that. But certainly not the way her mother expected. In a few minutes she followed Margot and her guest into the parlor. Margot seemed to have monopolized the conversation. "And Lu, that man shot a hot and heavy line."

Her mother interrupted. She was determined to find out what *something* meant. "And what is that, dear?"

"Oh, mother, don't be stupid—knew his stuff. Dragged a heavy cable."

Mrs. Thompson subsided, Margot took up the conversational reins again. "And he was pledged D. K. E. and he looked so "college" in his grey tweeds. And his eyes! Sug, those lamps of his would drive any girl cuckoo. I'm just mad about him, simply mad."

At this point her mother left the room, and went into the kitchen. Her mind was in a whirl. "Shot a good line," "dragged a heavy cable," "knew his stuff," "drive a girl cuckoo"—what did it all mean? She heard Margot going on and on. Would she never stop this senseless chatter?

Half an hour later Mrs. Thompson again entered the room. Margot was still talking. Apparently her supply of subjects was inexhaustible. "And, honey,

the cutest man gave me a bid to the Junior hop. I fell for him, Kid. He was perfectly precious. Oh, me! Oh, my! He said he'd give me his frat pin on one condition, and that was that I promise not to wear any but his. Wasn't that darling? And he danced divinely. Did the Powder Plant like an angel? He was quite the ber—ries. Nothing previous."

Lu here managed to get in a word edgewise. "We had a dance here Christmas. Dick took me."

Margot shrugged her shoulders. "Hope I don't feel bad. Dick's a pill, and I thought he was *I—t* when I left. Say, I've learned a lot since then."

Mrs. Thompson agreed perfectly with this statement. She had.

"Well, he went up to Marston College this year," defended Lu, "and he's been awfully nice to me."

But Margot, nothing daunted, chattered on. "Say, Lu, if you want an eye-opener you want to see my college man. He's got it all over Dick. I hopes to murmur he has."

Finally Lu left. Mrs. Thompson wondered if she had known what the conversation was about. She thought not.

Supper that night would have been a silent meal but for Margot's chatter. Seemingly she never ran down. The things she said were, however, only confused somethings about jazz orchestras, a house party where she'd had a peach of a time, frats, a man who tickled the ivories heavenly, and dozens of such incomprehensible things.

At bed time Mrs. Thompson followed Margot to the big old-fashioned bedroom that had been her baby's since childhood. From her traveling case Margot took what seemed to her mother innumerable jars, bottles, and boxes.

"What is that, dear?"

"Make-up, Mother—lotion creams, et cetera." Then Margot began the work of taking off the complexion so skillfully put on. Without it she was ghastly.

"Why do you paint, Margot?"

"Not paint, Mother—rouge."

But paint was paint to Mrs. Thompson, and couldn't be camouflaged by calling it anything else. But she let it drop. She ached to ask this new daughter of hers innumerable questions about everything connected with herself, but Margot showed no inclination to talk and was cross and irritable. So she tucked her into the big bed and went slowly downstairs. Hiram was reading the paper, but he laid it down when his wife entered the room.

"Well, Marty, is that yer lady?"

"No, it ain't, and I guess you're right when you say there ain't no sense in sendin' your daughter so far away from home to be that. So," she added with set lips, "she's stayin' home with us till I can get a chance to take some of that nonsense out of her head."

—SIDNEY RANDOLPH TYLER



JANUARY



JUNE



SOME MAIDS AND A MAN

A
T

H



I
C
S

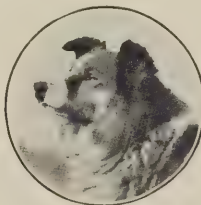


Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA HILTON
<i>Vice-President</i>	LOIS ALLEN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH MILLER
<i>Physical Director</i>	ALICE FLORA BEST

Managers

GLADYS KNOX	Basket Ball Team
GENEVA KENNEY	Track Team
ELIZABETH ROSS	Golf
VIRGINIA HILTON	Swimming Team
RUTH ANDREWS	Rack-a-ho Tennis Club
MARGARET RAYBURN	Ball and Racquet Tennis Club



MASCOT



Varsity Basket Ball Team

<i>Coach</i>	GLADYS KNOX
<i>Captain</i>	MARION ARMSTRONG
<i>Center</i>	CAROL McKEOWN
<i>Forwards</i>	MARION ARMSTRONG, ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
<i>Side-Center</i>	ESTELLE WIYGUL
<i>Guards</i>	VIRGINIA HILTON, MARY CLARKE
<i>Subs</i>	RUTH ANDREWS, MARY GUSTIN



Orange Basket Ball Team

<i>Captain</i>	CAROL McKEOWN
<i>Forwards</i>	MARION ARMSTRONG, ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
<i>Center</i>	CAROL McKEOWN
<i>Guards</i>	GENEVA KENNEY, ELIZABETH LLOYD
<i>Side-Center</i>	MARY GUSTIN



Black Basket Ball Team

<i>Captain</i>	RUTH ANDREWS
<i>Forwards</i>	MARY ECHOLS, ARDELLE STEARNS
<i>Center</i>	RUTH ANDREWS
<i>Guards</i>	VIRGINIA HILTON, MARY CLARKE
<i>Side-Center</i>	ESTELLE WIYGUL



Ball and Racquet Tennis Club

MARGARET RAYBURN	President		
CAROL McKEOWN	Secretary and Treasurer		
MARGUERITE BOWERS	VIOLA GAY	BETTY LLOYD	MAE MAXWELL
ELEANOR CHITENDEN	ESTHER HAYWOOD	HELEN MARTIN	MARGARET OGLE
FLORENCE FITZGERALD	JEAN KENNEY	GWENDOLYN MAUST	BETTY ROSS
LOUISE FITZGERALD	GLADYS KNOX		GERTRUDE SUDDARTH
			ELEANOR WALKER
			FLORENCE WELLS
			LAURA FRANK WHITE
			ESTELLE WIYGUL



Rack-a-ho Tennis Club

RUTH ANDREWS *President*
 BETY HORNE *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

MARION ARMSTRONG	MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN	MARY HASBROUCK	NATHALIE ROTHWELL
LOIS ALLEN	PAULINE EARL	ANITA HODGES	ANNIE REVERCOMB
BETTY ALLEN	MARY ECHOLS	LOUISE IRWIN	PEARL ROBARGE
EMILY BAILEY	ROSALIE ECHOLS	RUTH JOHNSTON	ADA STRANG
ALINE BERRY	HOPE FOX	GEORGE LYON	EDITH SULLIVAN
JEANNETTE BEALL	GRACE FREDERICKS	LALA LAMURIGHT	CORENE TINCHER
MIRIAM BARKLEY	CAROLYN FORBELL	ELLEN LAWRENCE	THELMA TREVEY
VIRGINIA BARTHELLE	LOUISE FAWCETT	VIVION LASTINGER	KATHRYN VAN DUREN
CATHERINE COLEMAN	REBA GEORGE	ELIZABETH MILLER	LOUISE WALLINGFORD
MARY CLARKE	MARY GAILLARD	JULIA LEE ORME	BERYL WEIR
MAE CARTER	VIRGINIA HILTON	LOUISE POTTS	RUTH WEBER



Swimming Team

Manager VIRGINIA HILTON

Members

BETTY ALLEN
 LOIS ALLEN
 RUTH ANDREWS
 MARION ARMSTRONG
 MIRIAM BARKLEY
 VIRGINIA BARTHELLE
 ALINE BERRY
 ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
 MARY CLARKE
 CATHERINE COLEMAN
 BETTY CUMMINGS
 PAULINE EARL

CLATILLA FARRELL
 FLORENCE FITZGERALD
 LOUISE FITZGERALD
 CAROLYN FORBELL
 HOPE FOX
 MARGARET GARRITSON
 REBA GEORGE
 MARY HASBROUCK
 CONSTANCE HAY
 JEAN KENNEY

GLADYS KNOX
 ELLEN LAWRENCE
 MAE MAXWELL
 ELIZABETH MILLER
 NATHALIE ROTHWELL
 DOROTHY RIGGINS
 ELIZABETH ROSS
 ANNIE REVERCOMB
 LAURA WHITE
 BERYL WEIR
 ESTELLE WIYGUL
 MAE CARTER



Track Team

Manager JEAN KENNEY

Members

LOIS ALLEN
MARION ARMSTRONG
ALINE BERRY
MILDRED BUNTING
MAE CARTER
MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN
BETTY CUMMINGS
ELEANOR CHITTENDEN
PAULINE EARL
LOUISE FITZGERALD
CAROLYN FORBELL

MARY GAILLARD
CONSTANCE HAY
ESTHER HAYWOOD
JEAN KENNEY
MAE MAXWELL
ELIZABETH MILLER
DOROTHY RIGGINS
NELL SHIPLETT
ARDELLE STEARNS
THELMA TREVEY
RUTH WEBER

ESTELLE WIYGUL



Golf Club

Manager ELIZABETH ROSS

Members

RUTH ANDREWS
 MARION ARMSTRONG
 MARY HASBROUCK
 VIRGINIA HILTON
 ANITA HODGES
 GEORGE LYON
 MAE MAXWELL
 THELMA TREVEY
 FLORENCE WELLS

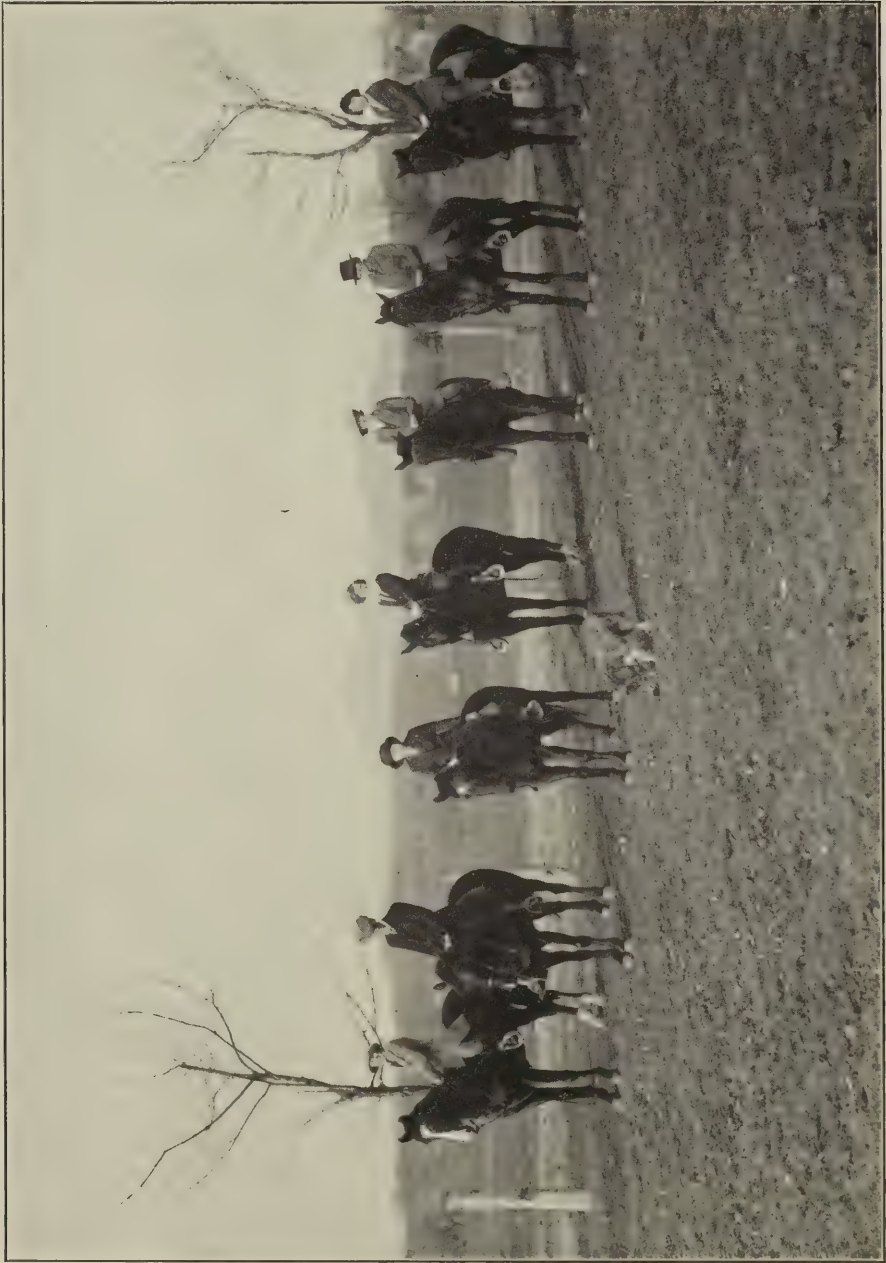


"PARKED"

Hiking Club

RUTH ANDREWS
MIRIAM BARKLEY
VIRGINIA BARTHELLE
MAE CARTER
HOPE FOX
KATHLEEN GEORGE
MARY HASBROUCK
BETTY HORNE
JEAN KENNEY
GLADYS KNOX
ELLEN LAWRENCE

BETTY LLOYD
MAE MAXWELL
ANNIE REVERCOMB
BETTY ROSS
NELL SHIPLETT
ADA STRANG
GERTRUDE SUDDARTH
SIDNEY TYLER
HELEN WARNER
BERYL WEIR
LARRY WHITE



RIDING SQUAD



"PALS"



Weddings

August, 1921

MISS DOROTHY MARTINDALE TO MR. JACOBS
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

September, 1921

MISS FLORENCE SCOFIELD TO MR. WILLIAM SKINNER
DAISETTA, TEXAS

October, 1921

MISS MARGARET THOMPSON TO MR. HOWARD E. SANDS
OCALA, FLORIDA

October, 1921

MISS MAURINE GALE TO MR. HENRY McDONALD
DALLAS, TEXAS

November, 1921

MISS ELIZABETH GIBSON TO MR. EARLE RICHARDSON
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

November, 1921

MISS LUCILLE HEATLEY TO M. N. McCASKILL
BREAKEN RIDGE, TEXAS

December, 1921

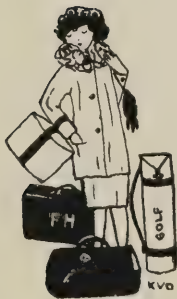
MISS KATHRYN GELOFAN TO MR. ALLAN FLAGG
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.



School Calendar of '21 and '22

One after another from off the wall,
Take down the dolls, till you've taken all.

SEPTEMBER



28—We arrive with a lot of pep, talking, and trunks.

29—We wander timidly into our classes (those we can find) and arrange our schedules.

OCTOBER

1—Old Girls give annual reception to New Girls. At the close of the evening we all greet each other as old friends.

- 8—The good old annual Mock Wedding, with its ice-cream and cookies.
- 10—We “flivver” to the Grottoes and roam big-eyed through the Cavern. We “eat up” Ye Old Forge Tea Room.
- 12—Gym at 6:30 from now on. We discover ice-cream on Wednesday while Columbus discovered America. Tea for the Old Girls at Mrs. Rhodes.



- 17—Y. W. Picnic. In autos we climb to Swananna and have supper in the sunset glow.
- 24—When Jane Cowl comes to Staunton Fairfax Hall turns out to see her come “Smilin’ Through.”
- 26—Mrs. Talbert gives a Tea for the Episcopal Girls. The F. M. S. Orchestra help entertain.
- 29—Amid pumpkins, witches, and black cats, we celebrate Hallowe’en with a masquerade.

NOVEMBER

- 5—Three in one. Art Class Tea, Senior Dinner at Blue Ridge Tea Room, and Mr. Leftwich’s entertainment in the evening.
- 9—All the jazz that’s wanted. Victrolas begin to hum in the school.
- 11—Armistice Day. Holiday. F. M. S. football game postponed, so we tread our weary way to attend to the Affairs of Anatol.”
- 14—School divided into Orange and Black. The Powell Entertainers.
- 23—With the spirit of John Alden and Priscilla to guide us we make merry at our Thanksgiving Eve Party.



24—Thanksgiving Day. Much cheering over Basket Ball game. Orange and Black, also turkey and mince pie. S. M. A. game in the afternoon.



25—My, but we feel uncomfortable today.

26—Washington and Lee Troubadours fill our hearts with glee.



27—Hurray! School on Mondays, so we may leave for home on the 19th.

29—The Basket Ball Team must be trained. Such things commence in the dining room.

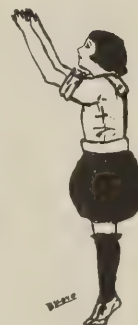
DECEMBER

1—The Fennelly Players give "Patches."

3—My, such shouting and yelling! Fairfax versus Stuart Hall. Score, 28-25.

9—Feed for the winning Basket Ball Team at Mrs. Rhodes's.

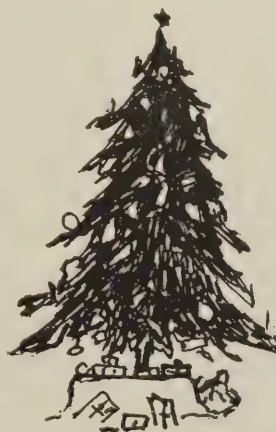
11—Impressive candle light service at Y. W. C. A.



15—The Christmas Recital by the school. We have all decided to mind our "P's and Q's."

16—Santa Claus brings us each a gift and note; amid much merriment we find them, and investigate.

19—Daybreak finds us well on our way home for the holidays.



JANUARY

5—We begin our readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic once more.



7—Entertainment—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

8—What was once piled high is now piled in the drawer. Fourteen more short-haired girls added to our list.



14—"Vanity" presented by the Mallory Players.

20—We can hardly wait! What for? Why, to see the V. P. I. Minstrels at Staunton.

21—'Midst orchid and green trimmings, candles, and roses, Fairfax held a banquet. Song, cheers, entertainment, and dancing followed.

22—A most interesting lecture on the "Passion Play" given by Dr. Hoenshel.

25—A cold night! Current Events in the parlor!

28—Minstrels—some of our "Dark Town Strutters" strut forth with much pep.

30—"Look pleasant, please." Our first picture taken for the Annual.

FEBRUARY

2—Mid-years started. A new addition to our school—a brand new Ford.

3—Mid-years still going.

4—Mid-years finished.

5—Funny how the wind blew up after light bell and closed those doors.

6—A marvelous talk on the condition of the Russian people.



8—Horrors! Chicken-pox in our midst! We are cooped up!

11—With hearts dangling wildly, we celebrate Valentine's day with a play, dance, and plenty of eats.

12—New Theatre Orchestra favors us with a Sacred Concert.



13—Crushes still crushing!

15—Miss Clarke of the Y. W. C. A. visited us again.

16—The Domestic Science Class gives a delightful Valentine Tea.

18—Wasn't "The Farmerette" good?

22—For the latest in mumps see Billie McKeown, room 115. Don't crowd!

24—Crawford Adam's Concert this afternoon. Made a big hit with girls and faculty.

25—A Sacred Concert—very beautiful.

MARCH

4—Juniors *Thé Dansant* with all its "Military Specials." Wasn't he the cutest little cadet you ever saw?" (Which one?)

6—Oh, what a sight! All clothes backside front; great variety in breakfast coiffures. Mr. Maxwell sure did give us a scare.

7—Mumps are *mumping*! Four patients in Room 115.

8—"Fluey" news; we are quarantined for ten days.

11—"Come and have your fortune told!"—"Hot roasted peanuts." "See the great swimming match!" Some tacky party!

12—Sh! The dears are sleeping. The church bells are ringing! But we are *quarantining*.

13—The lucky cast is chosen for the spring play.

18—We all join "Cook's Tour," for a Trip Around the World. Saint Patrick's Party.

24—We are still under quarantine. Can you tie that?



APRIL

2—We are out of quarantine.

3—Annual ready for print.

13—Spring Recital given by the students.

14—Girls leave for Washington Trip. They surely will have a good time.

16—Easter—New bonnets, suits, and just about everything left us.

17—Secretarial Class Tea and Moonlight dance.

24—Trip to Charlottesville and Monticello.

28—"Green Stockings," presented by the Athletic Association.

31—May Breakfast given by the Y. W. C. A. . My, such goodies!



MAY

7—Trip to Natural Bridge via Lexington. Streams of autos!

15—Field Day.

27—Lawn Festival.

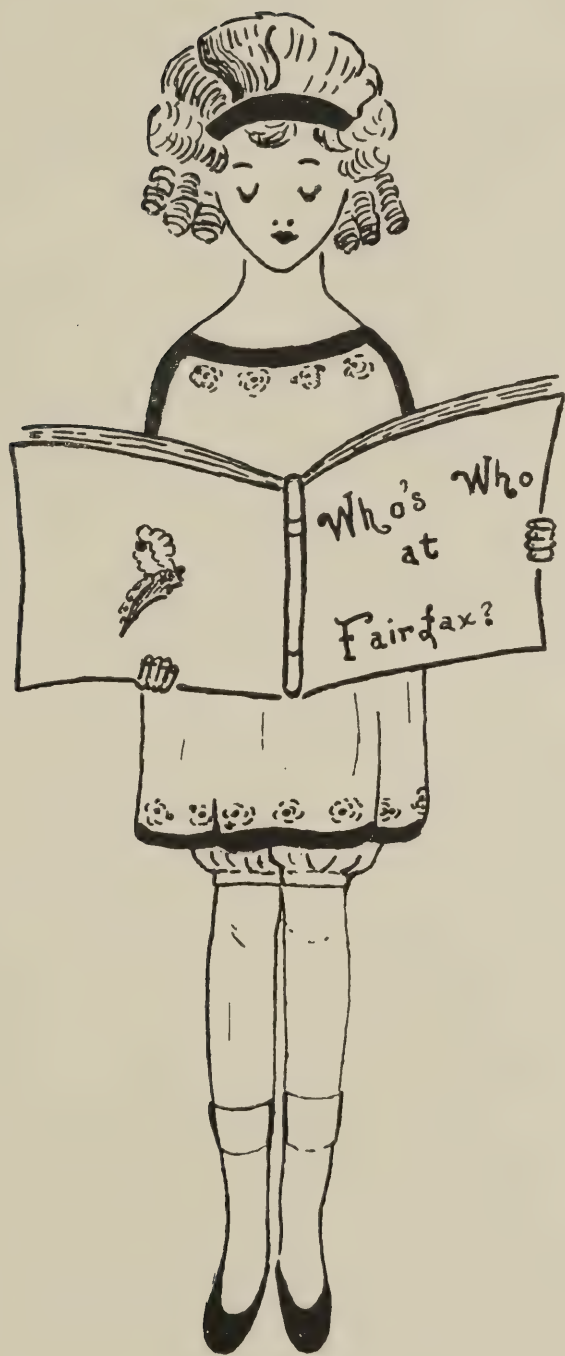
29—Commencement Sermon.

29—Students' Recital.

30—Commencement Exercises.

Two hours later—"Good-bye, girls, I'm through."





ROSS



KNOX



HODGES



PRETTIEST

MOST
POPULAR

MOST
STRIKING



SULLIVAN

CHITTENDEN

WELLS

GAILLARD



MOST
OPTIMISTIC

BERRY



NEATEST

LAMBRIGHT



BEST
DISPOSITION



KENNEY



MARTIN



GAILLARD

CLARKE



MOST
ATTRACTIVE

EARL



BEST
DANCER

KNOX



BEST
ALL AROUND



HODGES



CLARKE CHITTENDEN



KNOX



BEST
SCHOOL SPIRIT

GAILLARD



CUTEST

KNOX



MOST
CAPABLE



HILTON



CHITTENDEN



OGLE

CHITTINDEN



GAILLARD



HILTON



MOST
TALENTED

MOST
VIVACIOUS

BEST
SPORT



MAXWELL

HILTON

ARMSTRONG

CHITTENDEN



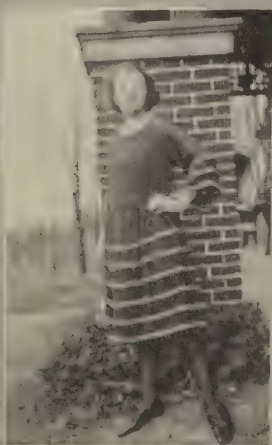
GAILLARD



KNOX



CLEVEREST



WITTIEST



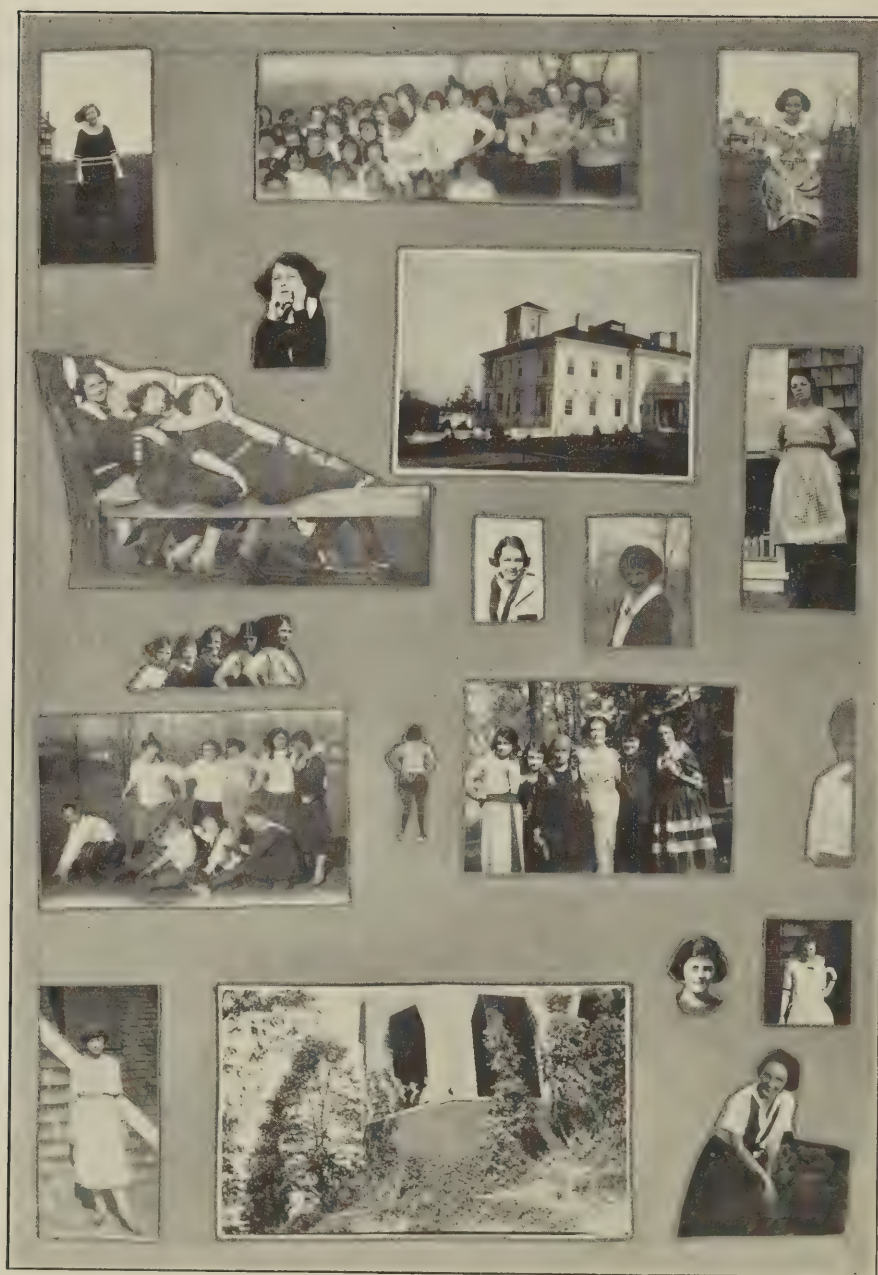
MOST
DEPENDABLE



MAXWELL

MAUST

OGLE





Toast

Here's a toast I want to give to the girls we'll never know,
To the girls who'll take our place when it's time for us to go;
I really often wonder just what kind of girls they'll be,
And I wish that we could help them through—Fairfax girls that are to be.

I only wish that we could give to them the glad old hand,
And help them prove to others that we've the best school in the land
By showing them the errors which I fear we've often made,
And helping them to follow all *good* plans that we've laid.

—CAROL McKEOWN

The Sunset



THANK GOD for the sunset; it's all the beauty that's left in the world for me!" This exclamation was uttered by a man on horseback. Standing in definite outline against the sky, man and horse made a striking picture. They were on top of Topanga Pass, facing west. The sky was aglow with the sunset—one of those beautiful Western sunsets that no artist can paint, because they are the work of God. The man sat straight and silent in his saddle, watching the sky change from a delicate pink, streaked with blue, into a deep purple.

Meanwhile a motherly-looking woman was standing by the gate, gazing eagerly up the canyon toward the pass. She was talking, more to herself than to the cowboys who were lounging around. "I wonder where Dick can be? It's way past sunset, but I guess he's a-stayin' in Burbank a-talkin with the postmaster. Poor boy, his life's been mighty empty since he came home from Los Angeles. Here he comes now. I can see his horse just over the first knoll. Well, I must go ring the supper bell; I reckon all you boys are kinder hungry." Dick's mother then turned to ring the ancient bell that was located near the corral.

During supper the conversation became general, but Dick maintained a somewhat morose attitude. He suddenly spoke, "By the way, Jim, did you notice the sunset this evening? It was beautiful. I wonder why God couldn't make life as beautiful." The latter part of this was said more to himself than to Jim.

"Why, Dick, old pal, what 'er yuh kickin' about? You've been to the city a-studyin' medicine, and a-havin' a high ole time. Us poor fellows has got to stay here on the ranch and work, and just sorter dream about the wonders of L. A."

"Well, boys, life isn't all sunshine and pleasure even in Los Angeles."

After finishing his supper, Dick went out on the veranda to smoke his pipe and enjoy the evening. The stars were shining brightly, and the moon was high in the heavens.

A cowboy, coming around the house, called cherrily, "Hello! C'mon out to the bunk-house with the gang and shoot craps with us, Dick."

"No, thank you, Andy, I prefer to smoke my pipe."

"For Gawd's sake, Dick, what's come over you since yuh been back? Yuh useter be mighty glad to roll de bones with us before yuh left. C'mon, tell yer old buddy why yuh came back so sudden-like. Get your fingers burned, or get in a mix-up with some dance-hall dames?"

"Stop! How dare you try to insinuate such things? Never let me hear you, or anyone else, speak of my return again. I came back home to stay with Mother. That is reason enough."

Andy slowly moved toward the bunk-house saying, "Aw, I was only kiddin' yuh! Can't yuh take a joke?"

Nevertheless, Andy Caldron's remark gave Dick an idea of what people were thinking about his sudden return. Now his mind was working fast. Something must be done to check this gossip, and the only way to do it was to try to be like his old self—cheerful, light-hearted, and smiling. Oh, how hard it was to smile when the whole world seemed against you! Was there nothing to live for but the beauty of the sun just dipping behind the Santa Monica Range?

"Oh, where is my backbone? I have been acting like a child; I must grin and bear it, but it's a hard dose when I know I'm innocent."

The next day found Richard Hamilton in better spirits. Although he had slept but little, he was up at dawn. He saddled his big bay, and was off to the hills. He drank in the bracing air, and the pure joy of living made him forget for a time his one great sorrow. "Oh, what a glorious morning it is, Socks. When we finish riding this fence, you will have a fine big breakfast of oats, and I will have some flapjacks and coffee."

At breakfast his mother remarked, "Dicky, boy, you're gettin' more like the laddie that left his mother seven years ago. Now, since you're a full-fledged medicine man, you're gonna stay home on the ranch with your ole mother, ain't yuh, Dicky?"

"Yes, Mother, I am going to live and die on Red Gate Rancho."

Richard Hamilton had been the doctor of Burbank Sankershim and the surrounding country for thirty-five years. On his death bed, seven years before, he had requested his only child, Richard, Junior, to study medicine and thus carry on the work he was forced to abandon. This request was granted and Dick had graduated from the University of California with honors.

After Dick's graduation, he had taken a position in St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles instead of returning home, as he had promised. His principal reason for remaining in the city was a little blonde nurse, whom he had met in his freshman year at college. Somehow it seemed a difficult matter to leave her, and go back to the ranch. Then, too, he had the chance of his life-time to study surgery under the famous Dr. Fuller. This all seemed too much to give up just to carry on the work his father had left to him. They could find another doctor, one more suited to the country work, Dick had argued. At that time, he considered himself quite a city chap, and talked and acted like one, too. But two years had now passed since that day, and many things had happened to change his views on life.

That evening after supper Dick sat before the blazing log fire reading his medical journal, when Jim came bursting into the room with, "Golly, that's gonna be a peach-o-reano of a storm," and, as the lightning bolted across the sky, he continued, "Just listen to that rain, and wind. It sounds like it might be a hurricane, but gee, I guess it's only gonna be another Santa Anna."

Just here a knock was heard. Taking out his pistol, Dick opened the door. A middle-aged man entered. His clothing was damp, and he came in shaking the water from his tourist cap. "My name is Ashton, John Ashton of Los Angeles. May I ask shelter for myself and daughter? We had hoped to reach San Diego, but our machine gave us trouble, and now the storm makes it unsafe to drive."

And now did Western hospitality, unrivalled anywhere, exert itself. The young lady, in auto coat and veil, was escorted from the car. Mrs. Hamilton immediately took her in charge and hustled her off to change her clothing, which was drenched.

Meanwhile Dr. Hamilton and his stranger guest, now dry and warm, sat by the fire smoking. They found they had many acquaintances in common, and they talked of these Los Angeles friends. Occasionally some twist of the stranger's mouth or some glance of his eye would give Dr. Hamilton an uneasy feeling—a feeling that he must have met this man before. "Ashton," he mused to himself—"No, I surely never knew anyone by that name."

But Ashton was talking. "I am taking this little trip largely on Betty's account. For some reason she has not been quite herself these past three years—not since she finished her training at St. Vincent's Hospital." Hamilton here started, but his face was in shadows, and his guest didn't notice. Ashton continued, "She isn't really sick at all, but just takes no interest in life. She is just back from a European tour, but even that didn't rouse her. I think the whole secret lies in some trouble connected with a young doctor friend of hers. She will not talk about it, so I know little. But it seems that they went on a ride to Venice one night—" Here Hamilton's face grew ghastly in its pallor—"And, while they were dancing together there, a chance acquaintance of Betty's, a fellow named Lutz, angered the hot-headed young doctor. A fiery quarrel ensued, and Dr. Hamilton struck Lutz, who was drunk, a blow in the face. Just then a shot rang out, and Lutz fell."

Here a groan of anguish interrupted Ashton's story. "Stop, please, and tell me who you are!" cried Hamilton. "I never knew an Ashton, but I did know Betty *Reynolds*. I am the one who quarreled with Lutz that night in Venice. My name is Richard Hamilton, but I am an innocent man."

"Well, then, you yellow cur, why didn't you come back, or stay there and face the music?"

Dick, with his head in his hands, said very slowly, "I promised Betty never to come back, or see her again. She still believes me guilty. That's the hardest part of all. These last three years have been perfect hell to me. I loved her and I love her still."

Mr. Ashton's whole mood changed in an instant, and with a kindly look in his eye he said, "My boy, I didn't mean all I've said. I am Charles Reynolds, Betty's father. I knew all the time you were the man, and now I will tell you the

truth. A fruit vendor, because of some private grudge, shot Charles Lutz. He was drunk, poor boy. Well, that's how it happened, and we all know you didn't do it. I have been hunting for you for these three years to tell you the good news." Here he laid his hand on Hamilton's shoulder. "Betty has never forgiven herself for causing you so much anxiety and worry. She has been having me look for you far and near. Yet she hates publicity, so that is why we have traveled under an assumed name. You were a silly fellow for not giving your correct address. Even at the University they had a false one."

"It is needless to say I am ashamed of myself about that. It's this way. I was fool enough to think there was some disgrace attached to being a rancher, and wanted people to know me only as a city-bred man. But God knows there's no place like Red Gate, and I should now be proud to shout it from Pershing Square. Where is Betty? Let me see her."

At this point the curtains parted and in the doorway stood a tall, slender woman, smiling tenderly. Hamilton stretched out his arms, saying in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Betty!"

"Dick, boy!"

"At last!"

They met in a lingering embrace, that said all that had been left unsaid during three long years.

* * * * *

Again the sun is setting in the West, and the sky is all aglow with the beautiful shades and tints of a Western sunset. Just as Apollo's chariot disappears behind the Santa Monica range, we see two riders on top of Topanga Pass. One is a tall, slender woman, who, entranced by the beauty of the sunset, sits straight and silent in the saddle. The other is a man, tense and meditative, waiting for the sunset to fade into twilight.

"Just three years ago, I was here on this very spot, and believed all that was left in this wonderful world for me, was the beauty of the sun as it set behind my native mountains. Now, I am the happiest man that the sun shines on." And turning, Dick said softly, "Betty, thank God for the sunset."

—R. E. A.



A Modern Boarding School Girl

A tiny bit of powder,
A tiny little rat,
A monstrous bunch of feathers,
Sometimes called a hat ;
A pair of high-heeled boots,
A tiny little curl,
Makes the sweetest thing on earth—
An up-to-date school girl.

—G. F.

The Craben

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I sat there, tired and weary,
Listening to the chatter of an unmitigated bore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping on the upstairs floor;
“ ’Tis my Dad,” I muttered, “tapping, tapping on the upstairs floor;
Only this, but he *means* more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And the atmosphere was chilly on the other side the door.
I asked him back tomorrow, but he said he couldn’t borrow
Carfare; and he showed his sorrow that he thus should be so poor,
As this short but truthful statement he repeated o’er and o’er;
Truth it was and nothing more.

Soon again we heard a rapping, and ’twas now no gentle tapping;
“Dad,” said I, “or Mother, truly your forgiveness I implore”;
Dad flung wide the silken curtain, and with voice strong and certain
Said, “Step out or I’ll assist you, as I have done heretofore.”
And, as he hit the gutter, methought I heard him mutter,
“Ah, never—nevermore!”

—G. M.

“Run! Run! The callers have come.”
I’ll borrow from someone a dress;
A gown of beads
Supplies my needs,
Now—I’ll hurry down, I guess.

Alack and alas! Miss G— was there,
To say nothing of my cadet;
She spoke, “Go back and change your clothes!”
I haven’t recovered yet.

—C. C.

ANITA (lamping a specimen of the opposite sex): Oh! Isn’t he “college!”
Wonder if he’s from the University or “Dubynell.”
“COLLEGE” ONE (overhearing): Staunton, Thanx!

F is for Fairfax, our school, you know—
We'll sure hate to leave it when the time comes to go.

A is for athletes who gain for us fame,
Especially by winning the Stuart Hall game.

I is for ice which covered the hill,
It gave us much pleasure, especially Bill.

R is for rules which we try to keep,
Except when the teachers are all fast asleep.

F is for Fishburne on a neighboring hill
Whose Keydets on Mondays give us a thrill.

A is for Andy, who blows a big horn,
She rouses us ail at the first break of morn.

X is for exit we all soon will make,
Then home again, home again—no rules to break.

H is for our holidays which we adore,
Oh, they are so few!—why don't we have more?

A for the articles we all had to write;
I glance through this book—they're nowhere in sight.

L is for the laddies whom we all adore
But we cannot buy them at the Y. W. Store.

L for the labor we've spent on this rhyme,
So if you are not pleased, forgive us this time.

MARY (shivering): Gee! It's cold this morning.

KITTY: Well, I guess it's my fault. I threw those cold tablets out the window last night.

MISS EICHELBERGER: This is thrift week. Who is the patron saint of thrift?

RUTH ANDREWS: Saint Patrick.

WAKE UP, DOC!

"Did you know that Doc talks in her sleep?"

"No."

"Well, it true; she recited in class this morning."



Who's Who?

'Twas midnight at Fairfax, and all through the house
 You could hear not a sound but the squeak of a mouse ;
 All the teachers were sleeping—or at least, so we thought—
 As we sneaked up the hall—room one hundred we sought,
 For a feed there would be in there that night
 And we were, as a'ways, in a ravenous plight.
 At last we all gathered, and were eating away
 On crackers and cheese and dill pickles—they say—
 When a knock at the door filled us with fear,
 And we whispered, "Girls, vanish! There's a teacher here!"
 Then under the beds we dived in a hurry,
 And into the closet, all in a flurry.
 Not a minute too soon, for in there came
 A teacher of great and unbounded fame.
 She turned on the light, and she looked all about
 And, seeing us not, she turned and walked out.
 We didn't get caught ; we did get some food ;
 So we thought the results of the party were good.

—B. R.

(Also this poem.)

LALA: I refuse to let "Pat" smoke "Camels."

CHORUS OF GIRLS: But why on earth?

LALA: Well, you know I've heard they make one dreadfully hump-backed

Little girl
 Cole Eight
 Sharp curve
 Pearly gate.

—P. VAN L.

A Fairfax miss
 In heights of bliss
 Sat in the tea room one day ;
 She smiled at a cadet
 Whom she never had met,
 And was hurriedly taken away.

—C. C.

Apologies to Noah

As I sit here in my window
And look into the sky,
I hear a step, I see a shadow,
And Noah passes by.

He's the watchman, so they say—
Guarding the school to keep men away—
With his little black hat and his long dark coat,
And his short grey beard to cover his throat.

Every night he traverses our green—
Dark and ghostly and hardly seen.
He carries a gun under his arm;
Ah! There's a man! He may come to harm!

—M. G.

JEAN: May I go to Miss Best's room and copy her expression?

ANOTHER SUN STROKE

HOPE: Virginia, just look at the sun.
VIRGINIA: Oh, where is he?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Staunton, ma'am," she said;
"Then I must go with you, my pretty maid."
"I cannot help that, I suppose," she said.

—C. C.

Eleanor had a little crush,
'Twas Muriel, you know,
And everywhere that Eleanor went
"Crushie" was sure to go.

—E. McK.

When Fairfax Goes to Town

(With apologies to Kipling)

Girls of proud Fairfax, known afar,
Joy of old Fishburne's martial line,
Beneath whose frown Cadets turn pale,
Beneath whose smiles their faces shine;
Stern lord of Fishburne, watch your child—
Lest he go wild—lest he go wild.

If drunk with beauty's charms, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such raving as crazed maniacs use,
Forgetting then stern Fairfax law;
Please, Mr. Maxwell, shoot us not—
We all forgot—we all forgot.

—D. S.

Oh, maiden fair,
She's lost her hair,
And it's nowhere to be found;
But she'll curl it well,
And time will tell
That "all that goes up, comes down."

—C. C.

A little bit of nonsense,
A little bit of muss,
Scattered in the study-hall
Makes the teachers cuss.

—G. F.

MISS GOVINLOCK (entering room for inspection—to occupants): Have you swept under the bed?

OCCUPANTS: Yes.

JEAN KENNY (side remark): Yes, swept everything under the bed.

PAULINE (superciliously to drug clerk): Oh! I say! Where is the Basic Flower Shop?

DRUG CLERK (in droll tone): All these fields around here.

Whatho!—Canibals in our Midst

Weir prepared to relate
The sad, sad fate
 Of a *White* man in a South Sea Isle,
Where the *Lyon* holds sway
And the natives are *Gay*
 Dancing in each *Bower* all the while.
Now the *Beall* of each fête
Was sweet *Fiji Kate*
 Daughter of the *Stearn* old *Earl*;
This stranger in a way
Liked her skirts of *Hay*
 And her smile showing teeth truly *Pearl*.

So he decided one day
To *Steele* her away
 And *Walker* where they couldn't be found;
But her *Fox* of a papa, so slick,
Caught up with this little trick
 And to'd the *Cook* to stew him 'til *Brown*.
They shined the *Potts* so bright
And all that *Mundy* night
 Was heard the *Knox* of tom-toms of that band;
In vain, *Kate*, under cover,
Tried to *Warner* doomed lover,
 But he had not *Long* to live upon this land.

With sounding a *Horne* it had started
The poor man's last *Hope* had departed
 An *Armstrong* as iron led him out.
What was left of the hash
Was consigned to an *Ash*
 And those cannibals were satisfied, no doubt.

(EPILOGUE)

The maiden went to the *Beryl* next day
She fainted and they had to *Carter* away.

—C. COLEMAN

Fair Facts, or a Date

She's said, "Monday week," and this was the day
When the S. M. A. man wanders our way ;
He looked pretty fine in his cape and puttees,
For he'd been quite particular—he knew he must please.

She met him with joy as the stairs she descended,
Alas! Was this hour so soon to be ended?
Did she like him today in his fine new puttees?
Well—judge for yourself and say what you please.

The Fairfax girl and the S. M. A. man
Sat side by side upon the divan,
'Til half-past four, and would you believe
Miss Gouinlock came, and told him to leave?

As much as he grieved he knew he must go
Although you might guess he was unusually slow,
The girl, though, grew nervous, for it was quite late,
And she was expecting a new Fishburne date.

—V. C.

Can You Imagine

(Seniors)

Elizabeth McKenney loud and boisterous?
Betty Ross without the navy?
Virginia Hilton in a nature dance?
Pauline Earl without her "three flowers?"
Aline Berry without Wesley?
Sidney Tyler in a hurry?
Jeannette Beall fibbing?
George Lyons without ear-rings?
Betty Horne without "Hope?"
Ruth Webster doing the "powder plant?"
Gertrude Suddarth a feather weight?
Mae Carter not saying "Do y' all?"
Kathryn Mosby a boarding student?
Eleanor Chittenden playing "Hymns?"
Gladys Knox in a bad humor?

The "Big Chief's" Victory

(With apologies to Longfellow)

In the hills of old Virginia,
In the valley of the Blue Ridge,
In the city known as Basic,
Stands the Mighty School of Fairfax.
Here the tribes from all the nations
Gather, in the golden autumn,
Gather here to learn the wisdom
Of the wise and learned war chiefs.
Far they come on weary journeys
To the warm and sunny Southland,
Pretty maidens from the westward—
Rosy maidens from the northward
Vampy maidens from Alabama
Gather 'round the open fireside.
And across the mighty River
On the hills beyond the village
Dwell the mighty tribe of Fishburne;
Farther still, the tribe of Staunton
Camp and hunt amid the mountains;
Brave and mighty warriors are they,
Much they love the tribe of Fairfax,
Much they love to walk beside them,
Much they love to gaze upon them—
These young braves from near-by Staunton.
But 'tis sad for all these hunters
If they chance to cross the River
After shades of night have fallen.
For 'tis written in the law book
Of the "big chief," Mighty Maxwell
"No approaching, no trespassing
On the camping grounds of Fairfax."
Once this sign was disregarded
By some young braves on the warpath;
And 'tis sad to tell the story
Of the outcome of their folly.
The "great chief" and "Uncle Noah"
Saw and heard them on the campus

And pursued the prowling hunters ;
Bearing high their mighty weapons,
Shouting many a bloody war cry.
Frightened were the men of Staunton !
How they stretched their legs for freedom
As they scampered from the campus !
But alas ! Here stands the barbed fence
And it stopped their speedy progress.
Quickly "Big Chief" gained upon them
Chased them ! shot them ! like his father
Shot the moose and deer and panther
In the days of Hiawatha !
All that's left to tell the story
Of the midnight's dread encounter
Is the marauding chieftains' headdress
Found beside the fence deserted.
And they're kept, for all a lesson
Both for reckless youths and maidens
To obey the laws of Fairfax.
And so ends our little story
Of the school, the Mighty Fairfax
Nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains
In the hills of old Virginia.

—PEARL ROBARGE

TEACHER, SPARE THAT THEME

(With apologies to Morris)

Teacher, watch that theme
Handle it with care,
For many a weary night was spent
And much I pulled my hair.

Please spare that theme
Forget that it was late,
And couldn't you really give me
More than fifty-eight?

—L. P.

Sing a song of roommates,
Four there were, you see;
One found another pal,
Then there were three.

Three little roommates,
Sad but true;
"Two's company, three's a crowd,"
Then there were two.

Two little roommates,
Lots of fun;
A week-end party,
And then there was one.

One little roommate,
Left all alone;
Along came the first of June
Then there were none.

—L. A.

MISS GOUINLOCK: What race did the Huns belong to?
ROSELLA JONES: The Magnolians.

FAIRFAX: Dy jah heah 'bout our new Sorority?
BARE-FACTS: No, what is it?
FAIRFAX: Eska-Mo-Pi.

My letter lies up in the office,
My letter's on Brother John's desk;
Oh why, oh why, did he ask me
For the young man's name and address.
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my letters to me;
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my letters to me.

—E. W.

We're not allowed to borrow,
We're not allowed to spend,
We're not allowed to holler,
And we're not allowed to lend.

We are allowed to go to town
And we are allowed to dance,
But that's not half the things we'd do
If we only had the chance.

—L. P.

MISS SADLER (dictating spelling): Parody.

JUDY: How do you spell it?

To church, to church
To see your cadet.
School again, school again
Happy?—You bet!

—C. C.

ON MY STUDIES

(With apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my life is spent
At Fairfax Hall, and this good school inside;
All my industry which my laziness *will* hide
Lodged with me useless, although my soul were bent
To fool therewith my teachers, and prevent
My true report, lest "Ma" returning it chide;
"Doth she exact *day* labor, night denied?"
I fondly ask. But our dean to prevent
My question, soon replies, "You do not use
Your time or powers well. Who best
Spends her study hour, her grades are best. You're bound
To study here or else good marks you'll lose;
Now toil o'er books and papers without rest—
They always fail who only loaf around."

—M. G.

Mary had a Staunton man—
No rare thing here you know,
And every Monday afternoon
Mary would see her beau.

She met him in the town one day,
This settled Mary's fate;
It was against the rule, you know,
And now she's out a date.

HELP!

MARY (kidding Kitty about her Southern brogue): How do you say fire?
KITTY: I don't say it, I screams it.

Lives there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said,
"School or not, I'm going to bed?"

Andy, Andy, come blow your horn
The girls are in bed and it now is morn.
But where is Andy—let us peep—
Oh, she's under the covers, fast asleep.

—M. A.

Doc and Brat went up the hill
To take a little coast,
Down they went, but had a spill
And broke their necks—almost.

—L. A.

Letters, letters everywhere—
Two for you—no, three—
Letters, letters everywhere
But never a one for me.

—A. B.

Fairfax has a little bell
That follows us around,
And every time we want to play
That old bell has to sound.
It rings very, very often
And I have heard it said,
At night, when we hear it ring
We're *supposed* to jump in bed.

—M. A.

“Wonder why Glad calls Billie “her Tar Baby!”

SOME THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What is meant by a “jas get?”
“What is an octopus?”
Who is “Gregory?”
Why is red hair so popular *now*?
Why name cards disappeared from the doors?
Why they play “Thumbs Up” in room 3?
Why is the mirror hung in the parlor as it is?
Why is the night-watchman?
Why did everyone suddenly become so athletic?
Who and why is “Gym?”
What shoe-horns are used for?

SEA-GOING!

MISS SADLER (at the dance): But you know I dance like a fish.
NATHALIE: Well, I'll be the net; I'm always dragging.

F. H. girl,
Skies of blue;
F. M. S. cadet,
Rendez-vous.

Mr. Maxwell,
Cadet flies;
Miss Maxwell,
Girlie cries.

—P. VAN L.



“Mumpses”

Come one, come all, and get a glimpse
Of the mumpses, one, two, three.
Oh, look! Here is another one.
Who is it? Pray let's see!

Oh, tell me now, who are these maids
With faces, oh, so round?
I'll have to tell (you'd never guess)
Such sights are seldom found.

The smallest one with cheeks so big,
Is little “Viv”—remember?
The next in line comes gloomy Cla,
Who looks like bleak December.

Fair Nathalie I would not know,
She is so changed—I vow,
But I declare I'm surely glad
Her Sigma Nu's can't see her now.

But funnier still is good old “Bill,”
She'd take the prize I bet.
We laugh—but still we sympathize—
For we may get 'em yet.

—PEARL ROBARGE

Ye Olden Times

Now, did you ever stop to think
That in the days of yore
These self-same teachers of our time
Big pink hair-ribbons wore?

They used to drive their mothers mad
When they fell in the brook,
Or when they tore their little frocks
While playing in some nook.

Now picture, please, sedate Miss M.
At play with naughty boys,
And making pies of mud with them,
And breaking up their toys.

When I come to our President,
My mind is in a whirl;
Oh, can you see him paying a call
On some little blushing girl?

Or think of "Shummie," so dignified,
Sitting upon a log,
Waiting to spear, with noisome glee,
An unsuspecting frog.

Miss Raymond quite coquettishly
Playing house the live-long day;
Miss Gouinlock spanked for being bad,
And crying to have her way.

Think of Miss Rodgers rolling a hoop,
Or learning to fly a kite;
Or dainty Miss Doggett as she climbs a tree
In her new dress so white.

At the captain of the baseball nine,
See "Miss Ikey" toss her head!
Or Miss MacAllen, for naughty words
Is sent upstairs to bed.

There skipping rope with all her might
Miss Best, a lanky child;
Imagine Miss Sadler, dimpled and round,
Astride a rocking-horse so mild.

Miss Koenig, who thought her shoes too tight
Going barefoot all one day;
But now 'tis changed, as you'll agree—
These culprits *here* hold sway!





T I R E D B U T H A P P Y

Appreciations



WHATEVER success we, the members of the Editorial Staff, may have had in the making of this book is due not only to our own efforts, but to the co-operation of the entire student body and faculty. Their loyal support and sympathetic interest proved a real inspiration to us.

To some we wish to give a special vote of thanks. Mr. Smith, our Art teacher, has given us valuable assistance, not only by his suggestions and artistic ideas, but also by his efficient work. Some members of his class have also been most helpful to our Art editors. Just notice the page drawings by Virginia Hilton, while Kathryn VanDuren and Lois Allen took no small part in lettering, mounting, and drawing. Catherine Coleman and Carol McKeown proved adepts at patching up the *lame feet* of some of our jingles, and Kathleen George made a most careful typist when called on in some rush hour. As for Mr. Maxwell—well, he was helping us out all the time in every kind of way, from the use of his photographs and postage stamps to his Ford car! We thank them every one.

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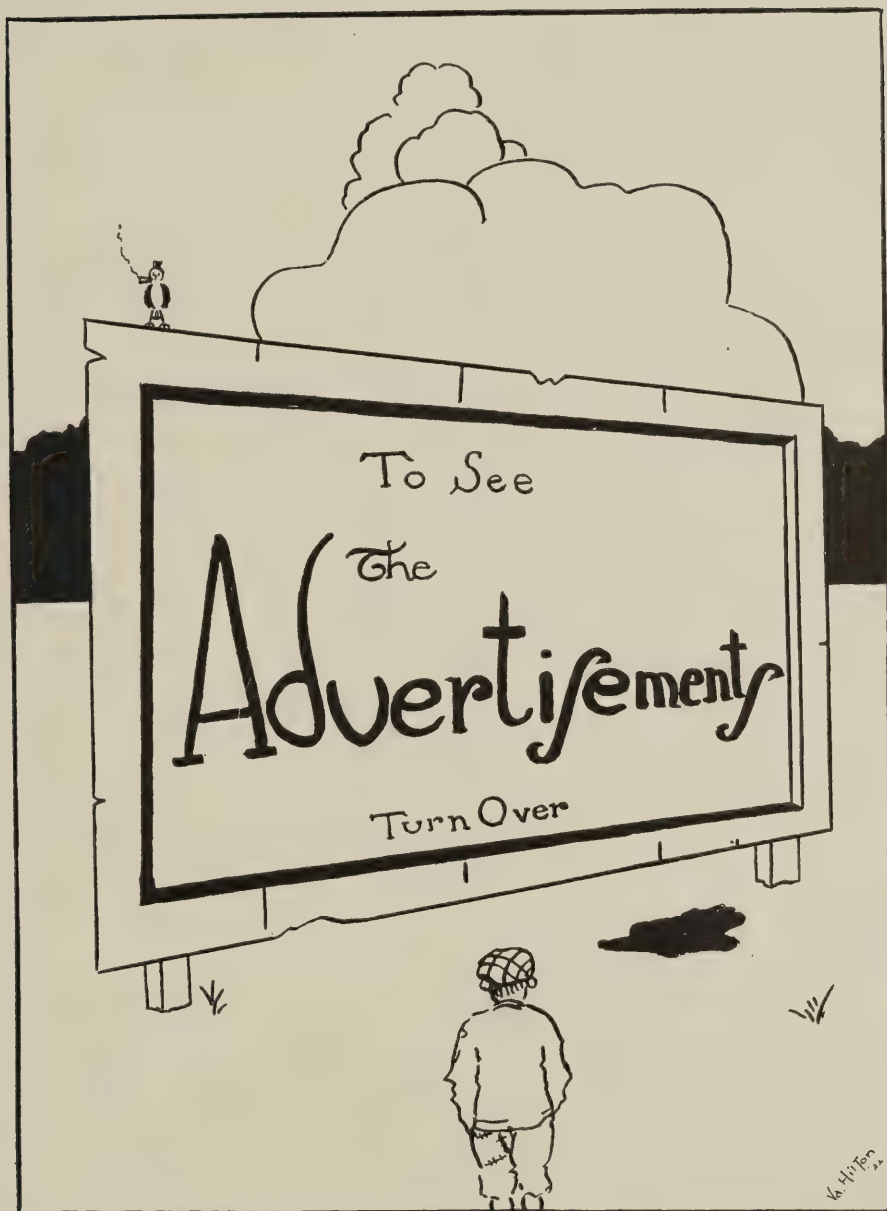
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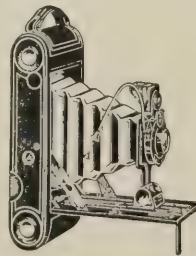
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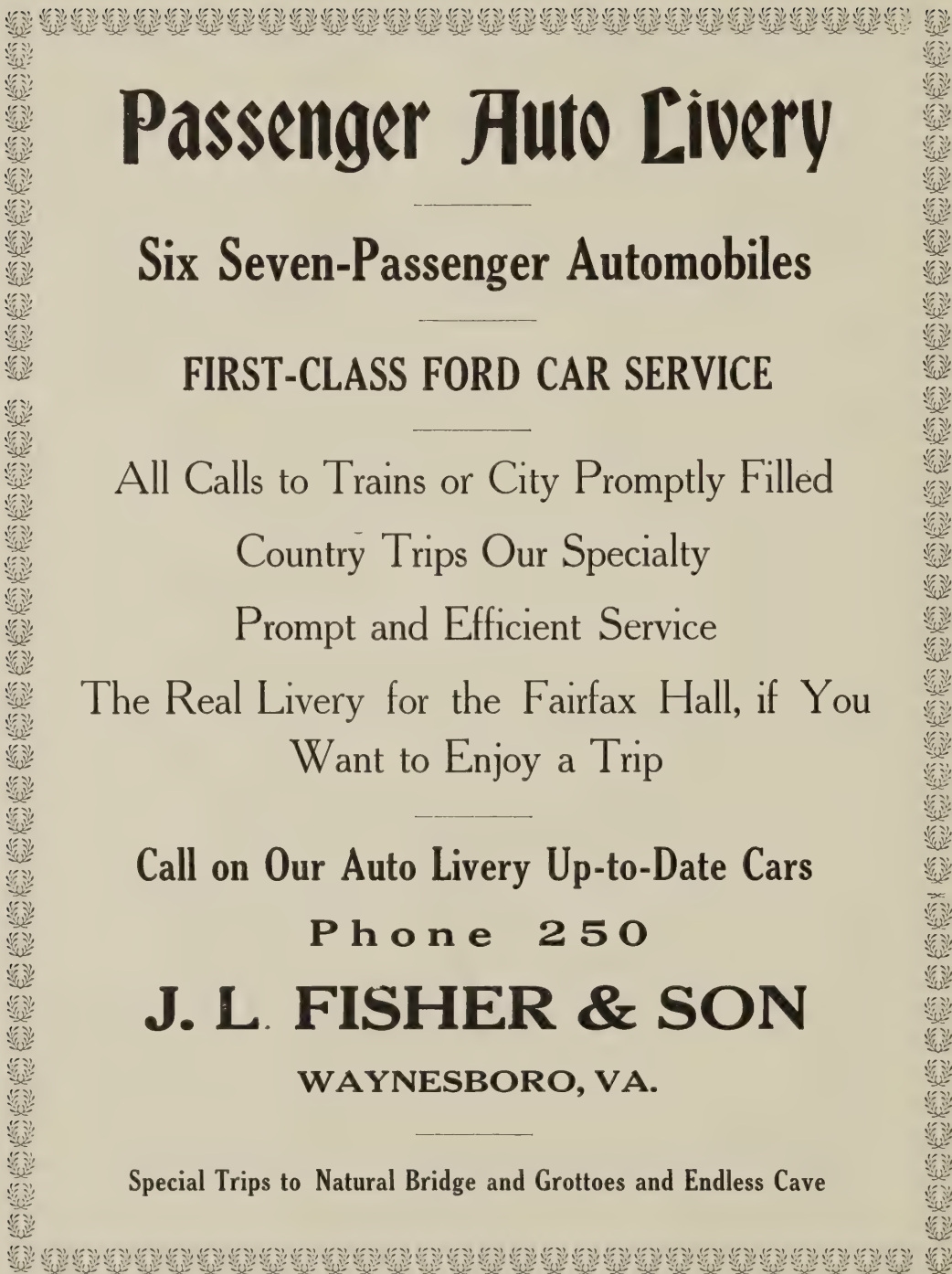
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LEON C. WARE and W. S. CARROLL, Props.

PALAIS ROYAL

“The House of Fashion”

CLOTHES

**of Individuality, Distinc-
tion and Attractiveness**

For the Woman Who CARES

**Their refined elegance
will appeal to the well
dressed matron and miss**

**Our Motto is SERVICE---May we be of
Service to You?**

9 E. Main St.

:::

Staunton, Va.

The Shreckhise Co., Inc.

Cor. Main and New Streets :: Staunton, Va.

Make Our Establishment Your Headquarters While in Staunton

Complete Lines of

Betty Wales Dresses

Handkerchiefs

Curtains

Silk Hosiery

Rugs

Dresses

Gloves

Draperies

Suits and Coats

Compliments of

The New Martinsville

Glass Mfg. Co.

New Martinsville,
West Virginia

Saunders

Waynesboro, Virginia

**Dry Goods
Candies**

Silk Hosiery

IT IS an acknowledged fact that we carry the best line of Silk Hosiery, from the medium to the very high grades, in Augusta County, and we will continue to do so in our new store, THE MAN'S SHOP.

CHEW BROS.

H. Susman Company

Richmond, Va.

Food distributors for Colleges,
Schools, Hotels and Public
Institutions

**From the Canneries
direct to you**

F. PRESTON JONES

LUMBER

**SASH, DOORS and INTER-
IOR FINISH**

**BUILDING MATERIAL
OF ALL KINDS**

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

"And thirty dollars was all you paid for that suit? Sounds pretty fishy to me."

"Yes, it's herringbone, you know."—*Widow*,

Hamilton-Cook Hdw. Co.

The Supply Store

Tennis Supplies, Croquet, Hammocks, Fishing Tackle,
Cutlery, Awnings, Tents, Bathing Suits, Caps, Water Wings,
Target Pistols and Ringlets, Lawn Settees, Chairs, Swings,
Harmonicas, and Novelties suitable for Gifts and Souvenirs.

Do not fail to get it at The Spot.

You are sure to find it there.

Quality Price Service

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS ON

Choice Fruit Candies Nuts Cakes

Fancy Groceries of All Kinds

The Pure Food Store

Phone No 9 Waynesboro, Va.

Where the Wire Lead

Our Stock Follow

IF IT IS ELECTRIC WE HAVE IT

BUY FROM US AND BE SATISFIED

We Carry a Complete Line of Appliances and Fixtures

Riverside Light and Power Company

- and -

Electric Supply Company

Wayne Avenue

Waynesboro, Virginia

Waynesboro Laundry Company

Phone : Waynesboro, 151

Phone : Staunton, 222

Bryan's Department Store

Staunton, Va.

The Largest Department Store in
the Valley of Virginia

Agent for Van Raalte Niagara
Maid Silk Gloves and Hose

Agent for C. P. Ford & Co.
Shoes and Oxfords

Quality Merchandise at Reasonable Prices

" Why did they put Bob out of
the game ? "

" For holding."

" Oh, isn't that just like Bob ? "

BORDEN & GROVE

BAKERY and CAFE

40 East Main Street
Waynesboro, Va.

WAYNESBORO

ICE CO.

Waynesboro, Va.

Most Complete Hotel

HOTEL VIRGINIA

European Plan



STAUNTON, VA.

A. T. MOORE, Proprietor

In the Beautiful Shenandoah Valley

THEO. COINER, President and Treasurer

FRED DRIVER, Secretary and Manager

R. F. THOMPSON, Vice-President

WAYNESBORO
CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY
Incorporated
WHOLE MILK
BUTTER AND
ICE CREAM
Waynesboro, Virginia

SANITARY
GROCERY CO.
Opposite Basic City Bank
BASIC, VIRGINIA

Telephone Us your
Orders
Phone 313

The Savings Habit is a good
Habit

This Bank will help you cul-
tivate it

You can open account with
one dollar and watch it grow

We appreciate your patron-
age, besides paying 4%
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The Basic City Bank
BASIC, Virginia

Quality and Cleanliness
which characterize the
Products of Our
Store are Recogn-
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T. J. YANCEY

The Leading Fancy
Grocer

Dealer in Fruits,
Confections, Etc.

Waynesboro, Va.

**Worthington
Hardware Co.,
Incorporated**

**JOBBERS
of
HARDWARE**

J. H. Worthington Clarke Worthington

I. S. McNeil

J. L. Goodloe

Staunton, Va.

Beverley Book Co., Inc.

Masonic Temple

:::

Staunton, Va.

Social Stationery, Gift Books, Memory
Books, Picture Frames, Tennis Goods,
Fountain Pens, Victrolas, Victor Records

When In Staunton Make Our Store Your Headquarters

MRS. RHODES' TEA ROOM
- for -
FAIRFAX HALL GIRLS
BASIC, VIRGINIA

“What is a pessimist?”

“He’s a guy that complains because his bank roll is so thick that it breaks the stitches of his wallet.”—*Punch Bowl.*

Woodward's
Cleaning and Dyeing Works

—
The **BIGGEST** and **BEST**
in the State

—
Opposite New Theatre
Staunton, Va.

Mrs. J. B. Culton

Waynesboro, Virginia

—
Millinery
Fancy Work
Novelties

FISK HATS

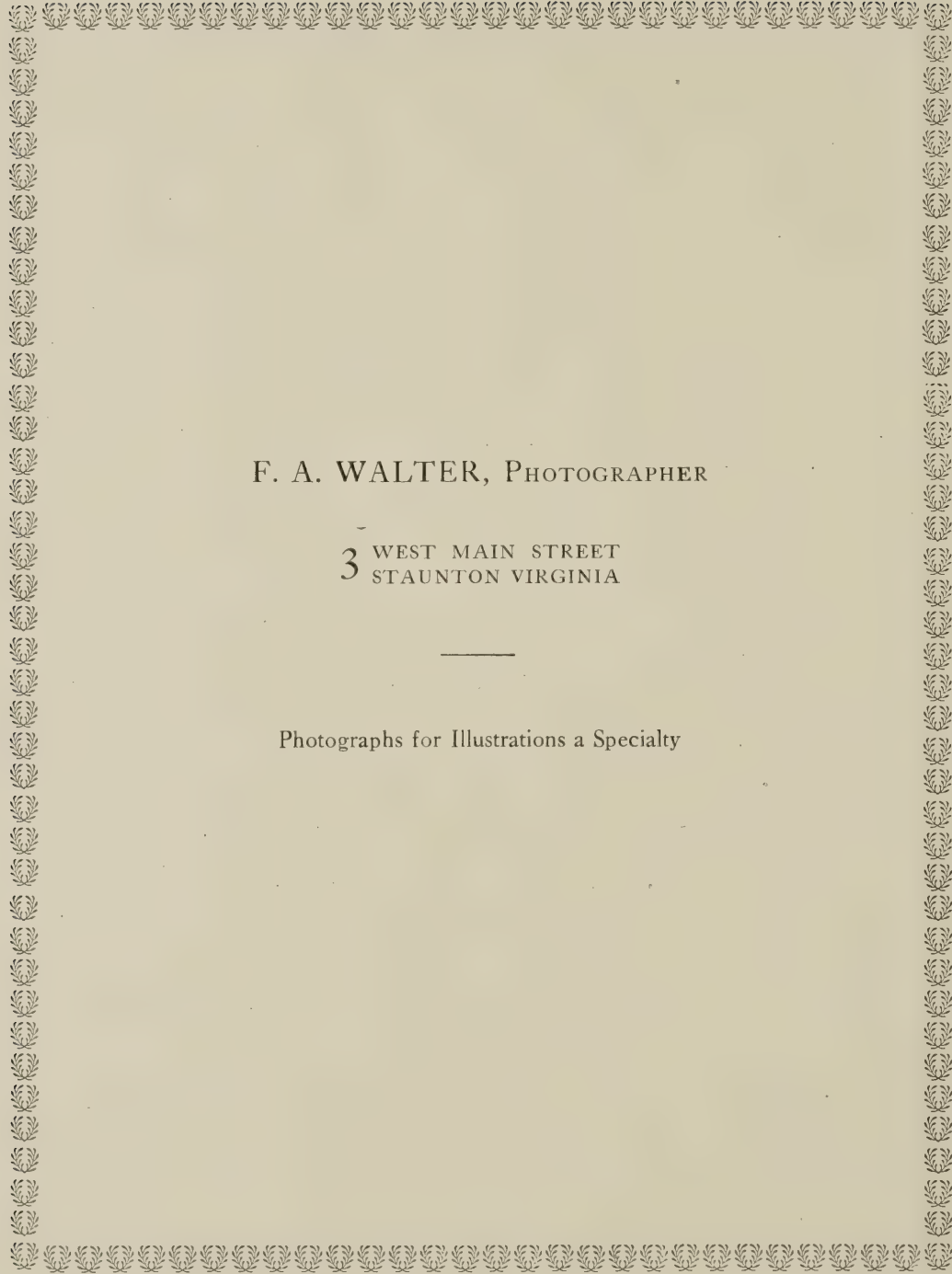
HOLEPROOF HOSE

WHITE BROTHERS

Waynesboro, Va.

—
Ladies Coats, Suits and Dresses, Dry Goods, Silks and Notions

—
Munsing Underwear, Suttonhoffer Shoes, Dove Muslin
and Silk Underwear



F. A. WALTER, PHOTOGRAPHER

3 WEST MAIN STREET
STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Photographs for Illustrations a Specialty

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT", but it is sometimes best to repeat it. The steel-lined vault and electric burglar alarm system in our bank is worth considering.

PRUDENCE is simply GOOD SENSE—sense to see; sense to know; sense to do. It foresees, ponders, plans—often plans a SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

Waynesboro National Bank

"Large enough to accommodate you—not too large to appreciate you."

His Preference

Young Lady (with hopes): "What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?"

Male Floor Walker: "Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one!"
—*Jester*.

A HIGHER EDUCATION

for your daughter will be assured if you start a Trust Fund for this purpose immediately.

This bank is at your service in this or any other Fiduciary matter and invites a personal interview at your convenience.

Trust Department

**Farmers & Merchants
Bank**

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

BELL'S

Staunton's Quality

Drug Store

20 East Main St.

STAUNTON HEADQUARTERS

FOR

FAIRFAX GIRLS

Complete line of

COSMETICS,

EASTMAN'S KODAKS,

FILMS and SUPPLIES

Johnston's and Maillard's Candies

*The Best Soda Fountain in
Staunton*

Your patronage solicited and appreciated

The First National Bank

(THE BANK THAT SERVICE BUILT)

WAYNESBORO, VA.

Offers to the Community the facilities

of its

{	COMMERCIAL	}	departments
	SAVINGS		
	BOND, and		
	SAFE DEPOSIT		

We solicit the business of the small as well as the large depositor.

TRAVELERS CHECKS ISSUED

Where The Woman Who Knows Buys Her Clothes

We are agents for the following well established brands:
Royal Society Art Goods, Minerva Yarns, Munsing Wear,
Treo Girdles, Boyshform Brassieres, Modart Corsets, Van
Raalte Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear, Knox Hats, and
Ready-to-Wear of every description.

HARRY WALTERS, Inc.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

WHY NOT ?

His arm, it slipped around her waist—
Why shouldn't it ?
Her head, it dropped against his breast—
Why shouldn't it ?
Her heart, it gave a tender sigh—
Why shouldn't it ?
Her hat pin stuck him in the eye—
Why shouldn't it ?—*Siren*

YOU ARE
SAFE
IF YOU ORDER YOUR
DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING
FROM THE
**BALTIMORE-
MARYLAND
ENGRAVING CO**
28 S. CHARLES ST.

An illustration within the advertisement frame shows a man in a light-colored shirt and dark trousers climbing a large, gnarled tree trunk. He is using a knife to cut into the bark. At the base of the tree, a small dog, possibly a pug, is lying down and looking up at the climber. The background of the illustration shows a forest setting with other trees and foliage.



College Printing

ANNUALS, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES,

WHEN you wish to have a fine book, catalogue, annual, or magazine printed you naturally go to a specialist, in that class of work—we *are* specialists, which is proven by the repeat orders received by us from year to year. Give us a trial order.

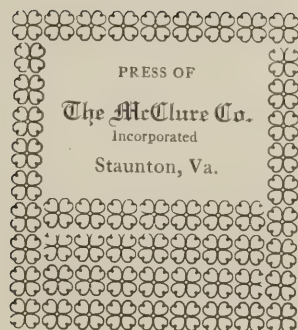
Promptness

Efficiency

Service

The McClure Co., Inc.

No. 19 WEST FREDERICK STREET
STAUNTON - - - - VIRGINIA



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Incorporated

Staunton, Va.

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